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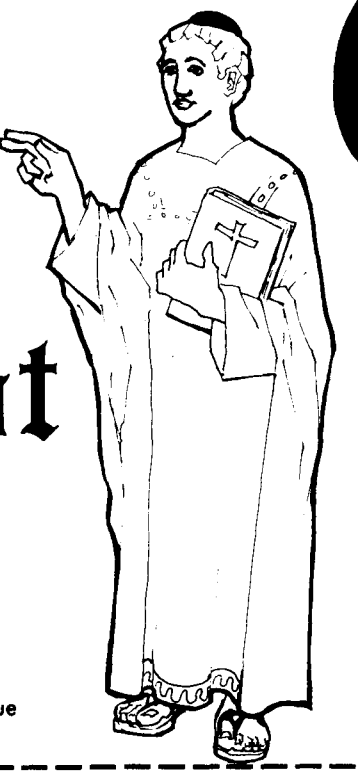

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NEWS & VIEWS

Icing Nuclear Wastes

As fossil fuel supplies continue to dwindle (note the energy crisis this winter in parts of the U.S.) and as reliance increases on nuclear power reactors to meet the energy demands of the nation (some 109 nuclear power plants are operational or in the planning stages in the U.S.), the problem of the storage and disposal of radioactive wastes grows more and more urgent.

Nuclear waste is a considerable problem now, when nuclear energy is supplying less than 3 percent of the nation's kilowatt power; it becomes nightmare when you think ahead to the year 2000, when nuclear energy will be providing between 60 and 70 percent of kilowatt power.

The common practice at the moment is to store nuclear wastes in huge steel tanks, encased in concrete and buried in the earth. The waste is so hot that it is in a constant self-boil, a process that will continue for an indefinite number of years. (Scientists estimate that nuclear wastes will have to be kept under surveillance for tens to hundreds of thousands of years.)

The earth-burial system is far from a desirable one. There is no guarantee that these nuclear cemeteries will not be accident prone, or that the steel caskets will hold indefinitely, or that an earthquake or some other disturbance of nature will not set off a devastating nuclear-shower.

The complications connected with earth-burial are so enormous as to have set off hunts in numerous directions for alternative methods of disposal. This has produced some exotic suggestions, like shooting the wastes off into space or to some far away planet (What happens if a disposal rocket is faulty and explodes on take-off, or if it takes an earth course and has to be destructed? . . . Ah, good questions; no answers).

A more serious proposal is put forward in the current issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. The idea there is to dispose of nuclear wastes by carting them off to the Antarctic and letting them melt their way through the ice sheet so that they come to rest on the rock below. The theory is that the polar climate and the low temperature of the ice would furnish a sink for the heat given off by the radioactive waste containers, and the large subsurface area of the ice would provide adequate space so that the containers would not be in close contact with each other.

The idea seems great until you think about it a minute. To begin with, there is the Antarctic Treaty of 1959; it sets that continent aside for international use for a 30-year period and prohibits the disposal of radioactive waste there (the U.S. is a signator of that treaty, and the Congress ratified it in 1960); secondly, there is the small matter of natural disasters, like an ice-quake or even the melting of the polar ice cap.

The originator of the Antarctic proposal, one Bernhardt Philberth, and the scientists writing in the *Bulletin* (E. J. Zeller, D. F. Saunders and E. E. Angino) minimize these concerns and particularly that of the ice cap's melting. "Scientific studies have indicated that the average temperature in Antarctica has remained below freezing for more than a million years," they write, "so that the large thickness of polar ice may be expected to provide a good seal for at least a similar period into the future."

Theirs is an optimism that is not universally shared, however. Others note that sea levels have been rising, ever so gradually, over the last 20,000 years, probably because of a natural melting process; they fear that the process could be accelerated not only by the increased artificial energy forces being released by man, but by tampering with the ecology of Antarctica.

What happens if the ice cap melts? Well, the climate of the world changes, for one thing. The Gulf Stream, for instance, would flow more northward and no longer be deflected eastward to warm the coasts of Europe. For another, sea levels would rise some 23 feet, inundating islands, coastal areas and seaport cities.

No one is being alarmist about this possibility, at least in terms of its imminence. But it is still something for the architects of a nuclear world to keep in mind while grappling with the question of the disposing of nuclear wastes.

United States, Ltd.

David McManus, in his "Letter from Washington" to the London *Tablet*, offers as a model for understanding the Nixon Administration, not rugged individualism but the modern corporation.

The modern corporation, he explains, "is hierarchical, where tasks, privileges and responsibilities flow downwards. It is eminently suited to decision-makers, who may take on consultors but are not bound by them . . . [D]ecisions are made from on high."

Also: "The functioning of the modern corporation is well-delineated and smooth, and is not subject to the vicissitudes of some free-wielding association or large oversprawling partnership."

Also: "The goals of the corporation may be many and varied, but whatever they are one can be certain that they will not be even considered unless they can be attained efficiently and economically."

The immediate consequences as seen by McManus are three: "1. an end to expansionist use of federal funds on the part of the secretariat or bureaucracy both in terms of personnel and program; 2. freedom for the Chief Executive to administer the Government within a strict hierarchical order and free from Congressional intrusion; and 3. a determination to define and mold fiscal policy by projecting hard-dollar costs at maximum benefits similar to corporate management's goal of getting the best results below the line so that earnings per share will always grow."

Overall, not a bad analogy.

Odds and Ends

—Union Theological Seminary, in its newly issued prospectus, affirms its determination "to move toward a community that is at least one-third black, at least one-half women, and organized as a collegium." It states that "only the inclusion of blacks and women, on campus and in force, at this moment of history in America, can guarantee that the hardest questions are asked of theology, and that strategic service is performed to the church and the world." The brochure adds: "Union stakes its future on the conviction that theological education will be richer, more profound and more complete because of it."

—Whatever happened to McNamara's Electronic Wall? It's been requisitioned by the Vatican, apparently. Columnist Leonard Lyons reveals that "new security devices have been installed in the Vatican, including closed circuit television, laser beams, microwave and magnetic alarms, and infrared sensors." The Vatican DMZ is intended "to prevent attack on its art masterpieces."

—*Boston Globe* columnist George Frazier provided the consoling thought Feb. 5 that it is "only 1,445 more days until His Nibs can devote his full attention to his bubble-gum cards."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

'Making of a Dissident'

Birmingham, Mich.

To the Editors: Commonweal works in mysterious ways. This morning I mailed my subscription renewal only to return home and read "The Making of a Dissident" [Jan 19]. Since I am an honorable (?) man and refuse to cancel and since I won't permit you to drop me even if we went to court I have no alternative but to cast a few stones. Mr. Mannion's reasons for departing the Church of Rome are so hackneyed that they reminded me of a pamphlet rack in a YMCA during the 1930's. Now that my entire family belong to the "Y"—it's so ecumenical and they have the best swimming pool around—I can easily forgive his ancient grudges against God, Ignatius, Thomas à Kempis and the current magisterium.

It seems to me the experience of most thoughtful people about to leave or for that matter seeking to enter the Catholic Church is the use of abundant prayer to help ease the torment of soul. Not once in three full pages of your journal does Mr. Mannion use the word prayer. Apparently frustrated by the inaction of the church in current events he leaves the impression of finding a true peace "tilling his own soil" via community-related matters. I admit it to be tempting, it's so easy.

The real courage of the Berrigans in my opinion is not alone that they were imprisoned by the State, forsaken by the Church, mocked by the crowds, but rather their sworn fealty to Rome in their campaign against injustice.

Finally, I gave the "Making of a Dissident" to my high school son to read with the admonition that should he feel compelled to leave the church in his mature years, he should for the love of God find better excuses than those given by Mr. Mannion.

JOHN P. CLEARY

Syosset, N. Y.

To the Editors: "Loving It and Leav-

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THE BUDGET ON BALANCE

There is a strong element of Calvin in President Nixon's new budget—both John Calvin and Calvin Coolidge. To say that Mr. Nixon favors strict *laissez faire* economics, though, is not quite accurate: he wants *laissez faire* economics and an end to corrupting government help for the poor; for rich individuals and corporations he believes in generous federal tax benefits, subsidies and loans, as in the Lockheed case. On social welfare programs he is tough; on Pentagon projects he is soft as butter.

Economics is traditionally called the dismal science, not without reason, and a good many citizens are likely to throw up their hands at the complexity of the new national budget. Complex it is, in truth, and an almost indiscriminate Nixonian mixture of the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish. Nonetheless it is possible to get the flavor of this budget, to perceive the thrust of Mr. Nixon's general approach to national spending by evaluating just a few key items. Consider these aspects of the proposed Nixon budget:

- An increase in the defense budget of approximately $4 billion is provided, for a total military expenditure in the area of $80 billion.
- Spending on health programs would be cut from the 1973 level of $1.9 billion to $1.3 billion. This means that roughly 1/3 of all programs operated by the National Institute of Health would be eliminated. Elderly patients on Medicare would pay more than twice as much for a hospital stay.
- Out of 105 categorical aid programs in the Office of Education, 1/4 would be eliminated, including projects for drug abuse education and emergency programs to assist school districts under court orders to desegregate.
- The budget for the Department of Housing and Urban Development would be reduced from $5.7 billion to $3.2 billion, with 30 percent of the staff to be eliminated. Among the programs to be slashed: Model Cities, urban renewal, new communities assistance and most federal housing subsidies, directly affecting about 2.5 million families.
- The program for aid to distressed areas would be dismantled, thus spelling finish for what was John F. Kennedy's first important piece of domestic legislation.
- Eliminated entirely would be the Office of Economic Opportunity, and the community action program, the center of LBJ's war on poverty.

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• Also eliminated would be the Emergency Employment Assistance Program, under which 280,000 people in high unemployment areas work at valuable public service jobs.

The dreary litany of programs slated to be dismembered or killed outright could continue, but these serve to give a good idea of what Mr. Nixon is proposing. Indeed, he is more than proposing—if his directives for limiting or ending 100 programs are not followed, he says, he can accomplish what he wants in the majority of cases by executive fiat without Congressional concurrence. Here a confrontation between the President and Congress is inevitable. Many legislators will agree with Mr. Nixon that a firm lid should be placed on governmental spending, but they will disagree strongly, as we do, on his priorities. The consistent note that runs through Mr. Nixon's proposed budget is the flat elimination of or sharp reduction in some of the nation's most vital social programs. No wonder the nation's big-city mayors are protesting; this budget would spell despair in the cities and chaos in the ghettos, for Mr. Nixon is proposing nothing less than the repeal of major social initiatives of the Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Surely not even his most devoted associates can claim a mandate from the electorate for such drastic action.

What Mr. Nixon's plans involve for social welfare is a giant step back toward the do-nothing concept of government that prevailed prior to the Great Depression and Franklin Delano Roosevelt; the voice is that of Richard Nixon, but the message is that of Herbert Hoover. Mr. Nixon's Inaugural Address gave a good clue to his future emphasis when he said: "In our own lives, let each of us ask not just what government will do for me, but what can I do for myself?" An unexceptionable sentiment, perhaps, for the comfortable and well-to-do, although the government in fact does much for them. But for those less-well-off, experience has amply demonstrated that in a modern industrial state the federal government must play an active social role. The nation has great unmet problems in the area of jobs, housing, education, civil rights, health and other social needs, and Mr. Nixon's budget offers no way of facing these problems realistically. This leaves the matter up to Congress, which must try to make up for Presidential omissions.

The first thing Congress should do is to drastically revise its own procedures, setting an expenditure ceiling for the year and then determining how the money will be spent. The second thing is to take up seriously the question of a thorough-going tax reform—a move that should make more money available without generally higher taxes. One principle should determine the Congressional approach to the Presidential budget: the nation's welfare simply cannot be abandoned to a Nixon version of the free play of the market. No one claims that all of the present social programs are perfect, but if some are weak, they should be strengthened, not killed. In any case, for every $25 misspent in a poverty program, there are thousands down the drain in defense department cost overruns; these Mr. Nixon chooses to ignore. The President has urged public pressure on Congress in support of his proposals; this makes it essential that concerned citizens of different views constitute themselves a lobby on behalf of the poor, the blacks, the Chicanos, the children, the aged and all those unable to speak effectively for themselves. "A new American revolution," Mr. Nixon called his proposals; counter-revolution is more like it.

UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS

This magazine has always welcomed unsolicited manuscripts, and they receive a careful reading. Articles submitted should be typed, double-spaced, on one side of a page. All must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope for return if not accepted.

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FROM ROME

THE RISE OF THE RIGHT

On January 18 the Italian Fascists met in Rome for the tenth National Congress of their party, the *Movimento Sociale Italiano,* now operating under the name of *Destra Nazionale* (National Right). The event caused considerable tension and disturbances were avoided only by a huge display of police force. In Rome itself, where the 1972 elections had shown the highest percentage of Fascist votes, the walls were covered with posters calling on the citizens to protest and to show their loyalty to the anti-Fascist Republic. This may sound rhetorical, but there is a solid reality behind it. Italian democracy was built after the war on the ruins left by the Fascist regime, and the vast majority of the population was then, and still is, determined never to give Fascism another chance.

After the proclamation of the Republic, in 1946, the Constituent Assembly made a provisional article forever outlawing Fascism in Italy. The article expired

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in 1952, when the parliament approved a law which made the reestablishment of the Fascist party a criminal offense. But meanwhile a new party had been founded, which held in that same year 1952 its first national congress, under the apparently innocent name of Italian Social Movement. Apparently innocent, for anybody with a slight knowledge of the recent past recognized in that name the echo of the disastrous Italian Social Republic, the puppet state in Northern Italy where Mussolini, supported by the German army, had made his last stand and had fought the bloodiest civil war this country remembers.

Most members of the new movement had belonged to the rank and file of the Duce's faithful, and the party program showed all the aspirations dear to the defunct regime: apart from the inevitable anti-Communism, nationalism, the corporate state, order, hierarchy and discipline. Though the colors of the Italian flag hardly masked the black shirts underneath, the authorities did not interfere. They seemed rather relieved that the old firebrands were so willing to adapt themselves to the parilamentary system; both Fascism and anti-Fascism seemed out of date in the cold war. In 1953 the MSI participated for the first time in the elections and obtained 5.8 percent of the votes, five years later reduced to 4.7 percent.

But those who thought that Italian Fascism was dying a natural death, were wrong. Among the original followers of the MSI there were two different groups: the small middle-class voter, who remembered with nostalgia the law and order of Mussolini's times, remained faithful. But the young, who were more attracted to the image of the glorious Empire than to a second-rate republic, soon grew dissatisfied with the right-wing respectability of the party, and led by the last old adventurers rallied to more violent brands of Fascism, in semi-clandestine organizations such as New Order, National Vanguard and Youth Front, where they defended the civilization of the West by beating up schoolboys and an occasional lonely Communist.

The division lasted until 1969, when Giorgio Almirante was unanimously elected party leader. For years he had led the internal opposition, pleading for a more aggressive policy, and after he took over the MSI, most schismatics returned to the fold. Some, however, stayed outside, where they could not damage the party with their violence, but knew they could always count on his support. Though Almirante is no Mussolini, he faithfully copied some of the Duce's tactics: on the one hand he poses as the great defender of law and order, while on the other hand threatening the bourgeois with his gangs he alone can keep under control.

The fear of the May revolt in Paris, one year earlier, was still deeply felt, and the labor riots of the "hot autumn" of 1969 seemed to justify the violent reactions of Almirante's black thugs. The pattern was the same as in the early '20s, when the Turin newspaper *La Stampa* had complained: "Never has public order been so much disturbed as since the Fascists have started to defend it"—and to some extent it worked again. Once more the increase of political violence convinced a considerable part of public opinion that the country was in danger from the Reds. A man like NATO Admiral Gino Birindelli (political relevance: nil—social prestige: top) rallied to its defense at the side of Almirante, and at the 1972 elections the party in one leap increased its votes from 4.5 to 8.7 percent.

Fortunately, in recent months the authorities seem to have awakened and are adopting the same firmness in dealing with Fascist violence as earlier with the Left. A considerable number of Fascists were arrested for organizing military training camps and for illegal possession of arms and explosives. Last fall even Almirante himself was formally accused of re-establishing the forbidden Fascist party. It seems unlikely that the MSI, after a career of more than twenty years as a "parliamentary" party, by this late action can be wiped off Italy's political map—but in politics, as in medicine, calling things by their right names may be an important step towards isolating dangerous germs.

During the Congress of the *Destra Nazionale* its isolation from the rest of the country was clear enough. The Congress building looked like a besieged fortress, surrounded by police helicopters and armored cars. Impressive anti-Fascist meetings throughout the country were sponsored by all parties, as well as by the labor unions. But a pathological phenomenon of this size needs something more than mere isolation, and the stream of anti-Fascist declarations would have little effect without some sound remedies. Leaving aside the (by now practically impossible) suppression of the MSI, one necessary remedy leaps to mind. In twenty-five years of democracy the Italian Parliament has been unable to effect a substantial change in the country's administration, laws, police and army regulations, etc., which are still essentially Fascist. This situation is far more alarming than the existence, thirty years after Mussolini's downfall, of a Fascist party, for it means that Italian democracy is threatened from *within*. Such constitutional rights as, for example, freedom of press and of opinion are flatly contradicted by still existing articles of criminal law—and in several recent cases these articles have been applied (exclusively against leftwing publications—which perfectly corresponds to the spirit of the original lawgiver). The immediate reform of the entire corpus of Fascist legislation is therefore the most urgent task of the democratic rulers. For if a country has to be run by Fascist rules, why wonder if a growing portion of its citizens think the Fascists can do it better?

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar is Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Rome.)*

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BYE, BYE, BELL-BOTTOMS! (SADLY)

MICHAEL NOVAK

With Peter Berger's European pessimism, his sense of precariousness, and his complex social realism, I am in deep sympathy. I owe him much, too, in my understanding of the flaws in the "youth movement."

But in a recent article in *The Christian Century*, I think he underestimates how intellectually important, how culturally creative, the "whirlwind" of the last few years has been.

The most recent evidence of this point is conveyed by Stuart Hampshire's brilliant Leslie Stephens Lecture at Cambridge, "Morality and Pessimism." Hampshire launches a powerful attack on utilitarianism until recently regnant in American and British life. He does so by the simple device—not so easy to accomplish ten years ago—of treating it as a kind of religion, a whole worldview, which we might step outside of and analyze as a "way of life," whose central values have the virtue of simplicity and clarity. But the utilitarian way of life also includes the vice of depending too complacently on a contrast between an "enlightened" moral judgment and a "primitive" (or "prerational," "merely instinctive") moral judgment. A contrast between superior modern and inferior pre-modern societies was implicit. (Is American culture "superior" to Vietnamese?)

Hampshire tries to persuade his colleagues to step into a different standpoint regarding ethical reflection, to "pass over" into a view which his whole labor implies will be difficult for them to grasp (so pervasive and almost unchallenged has become the utilitarian way of life among intelligent secular people). In doing so, Hampshire is able to trade on the experience of these last ten years: social planning that makes social matters worse as well as better, an increasingly callous attitude toward the taking of human life, the spectacle of "political pragmatists in the advanced countries, using cost benefit analyses prepared for them by gifted professors, [to] continue to burn and destroy."

The "hideous face of political events" has weakened the plausibility of the utilitarian openness, its optimism, its trust in the future. But Hampshire is also able to point to a concrete example of persons living within a somewhat different plausibility structure: "To others, and particularly to many of the young in America and in Europe, who would not quote Burke, it now seems obvious that the large-scale computations in modern politics and social planning bring with them a coarseness and grossness of moral feeling, a blunting of sensibility, and a suppression of individual discrimination and gentleness, which are a price they will not pay for the benefits of clear calculation. Their point is worth considering: perhaps it can be given a philosophical basis."

Hampshire then goes on to present and to defend a "way of life" which he explicitly describes as nourished over centuries, as indebted to Spinoza, as "an outline of an Aristotelian ethics: an ancient doctrine." He uses "the youth movement" as a lever by which to raise the plausibility of a neglected view of human life.

I do not mean to defend Hampshire's argument in detail, although it articulates better than anything I have ever encountered the stifling, choking frustration I felt in dealing with the dry, egocentric, calculating worldview of the philosophy of ethics at Harvard—so *complacent*, so imperturbable, so righteous. Even though many of its professors, and students were anti-utilitarian, they lived in the circle of plausibility Hampshire so neatly breaks out of. (They gave me, I suppose, though not they alone, my image of WASP sensibility; it pleases me now to find an Englishman, like Newman before him, countering the trend.)

Rather, what I want to stress is the achievement, in part because of the youth movement, of a whole new "plausibility structure" in American intellectual discourse. Many more ideas may be questioned, many more new standpoints may be seized and defended, many new territories have been opened up. Not a few of these possibilities were first sensed, even demanded, by students and younger people. Even though it is true that older scholars, like Peter Berger himself, were already working outside the bounds of what was then considered "professional" in their fields, the political breakthrough that changed the structures of plausibility in public discourse was achieved mainly by the young.

The youth movement is over now, and I have no desire to resurrect it. "The movement" tore breaches in the walls; it did little to go out through them, extend the range of public intellectual life, and construct new habitable cities of the mind. Lacking depth and perseverance, it necessarily fizzled away. But the lives, careers, and future speculation of many were beneficially changed by its fierce "burning of its candles at both ends."

My own debt to the youth culture is great. At Stanford from 1965-68, I recall vividly how skeptical colleagues were about what seemed at first only a California madness. Columbia had not erupted; heads at Harvard had not been crimsoned by the police. My experience with academic professionalism and established plausibility structures at Harvard had shown me how hard it is to get people to "listen," to detect perceptions and intellectual patterns not their own.

(*Continued on page 482*)

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JOURNEY TO THE EAST

ERNEST W. RANLY

Not necessarily a trip to an exotic foreign land, but a journey home

It may well be that all of us are on a mysterious journey to the East. Some of us feel that we are not very far along on our journey. Some still quote the famous quarter verse from Rudyard Kipling:

Oh, the East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet.

But all of us feel the tug, the fascination, the attraction of the East. We in the West are looking for the secret, swift, easy initiation into the mysterious and mystical East. We look for instant Yoga, discount prices on transcendental meditation, a do-it-yourself kit on nirvana. We turn to drugs. We seek out the Hindu Maharishis and the Zen Masters for personal gurus as some magical medicine men who can transform us mortal Westerns into immortal Oriental mystics. To me, personally, most of this always seemed unreal and unpromising. It seemed like so much chasing after some fantasy-like will-of-the-wisp. So for some time I had been left to myself to prepare for my own kind of journey to the East.

I read the novelette *Siddhartha;* it moved me greatly. Here was Hermann Hesse, as Western as any one of us, perfectly at home in the mood, the spirit of the East. In Hesse, the West has become the East in the very living soul of the work *Siddhartha.* Hesse can describe in great simplicity the beauty of the rivers and the mountains only because, like his hero Siddhartha, he had undergone a prior training and discipline of mind and body by which he had been awakened to and alerted to a deeper understanding of human experience.

There is also a second small work of Hermann Hesse's entitled *Journey to the East.* This tale reads like a story by Franz Kafka. The narrator is known only by his initials H.H. (and one need not be so astute a reader of Hermann Hesse to imagine that H.H. may very well stand for the author himself). H.H. recounts in the first person his dealings with a mysterious League, some kind of League of the East. It is in association with this League that the hero H.H. undertakes his own strangely aborted journey to the East.

The setting for the story *Journey to the East* is Europe; the time, after World War I (the time that Hesse himself is writing the story). And there is that mysterious League responsible for the journey. The League is a type of religious order, travel agent and education guide, all at the same time. The League is also a kind of CIA secret investigating agency, checking out the spiritual credentials of the aspirants and testing those who wish to make their journey to the East. The League teaches its novices history and religious discipline, while subjecting them to a series of strange examinations to test their sincerity and perseverance.

The times after World War I are described by Hesse as "troubled and confused, yet, despite this, fertile." For all the scientific advances of the period, "there was a readiness to believe in strange things beyond reality." How better describe the times after World War II? Our development of the hydrogen bomb and our trips to the moon have been paralleled with the cult of Rosemary's Baby, the reading of Tarot cards, the detailed study of astrology, Yoga and Zen, along with Pentecostalism, Jesus Freaks, the Campus Crusade for Christ and calls for the exorcist to drive out the devil. There does seem to be today a "readiness to believe in strange things beyond reality."

In these our own days, our own mysterious League

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of the East has been operative. There are Allen Ginsberg, Kerouac, and much of the counterculture, not to mention Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) and Alan Watts. A second League operating openly was Christian, indeed, Roman Catholic, a group of mysteriously authoritative persons who have been leading us to the East. Early works such as *Christian Yoga* and *Zen Catholicism* helped us to understand why the contemplative poet Thomas Merton began a serious study of Oriental mysticism. This new League—American, Christian, Catholic—seemed to work as mysteriously as the League in Hesse's book *Journey to the East*. For example, the very death of Thomas Merton was like a chapter from the book. Merton was in Bangkok in 1969 attending an international conference on monasticism when he was accidentally electrocuted by an electric fan in his room. The tragic irony of this American Catholic monk's dying in the East in such an unusual manner while studying Oriental monasticism is an irony worthy of the League of the East.

Now in Hesse's novel, H.H., the hero, as a young novice to the League and in preparation for his journey, was most excited and enthusiastic about every new thing he discovered about the East. Many of us today, in our brief and passing introductions to the East, feel this same deep and satisfying excitement. It is no longer "the East is East and the West is West"; nor is it merely a "passage" to and through India with E. M. Forster, where this is just one adventure among many others. In *Journey to the East* Hesse described it much better as an inward, compelling, spiritual journey, in which the West is forced to return to the East as toward home. H.H. loved to recall the phrase of the poet Novalis, "Where are we really going? Always home!" Our journey to the East, then, may not be a trip to a weird, exotic, foreign land; it is a journey home: home to the roots of our being; home to the source of our spirituality. "Always home!"

Huston Smith points out in *The Religions of Man* that the other three parts of Kipling's verse are usually overlooked. The entire verse reads:

> Oh, the East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet,
> Until Earth and Sky stand presently at God's Great Judgment Seat.
> But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

Smith contends that the apocalyptic moment of history may well be upon us; the age Kipling predicted is already here. The earth and sky may well stand at God's great judgment seat, because, today, the East and West have met. The East and West today are two strong men standing face to face. It may be well to point out the President Nixon went to Peking to see Mao Tse Tung and Chou en Lai: the Chinese did not come to the West. And though we may come from the ends of the earth, there is no longer, today, East and West, Border, Breed or Birth. The East and West are now so inextricably intertwined that no division, no separation is ever possible again. Huston Smith also states that in centuries to come the 20th Century will not be remembered for the hydrogen bomb or for space travel as much as for the fact that in this age the East and West have met as equal partners in dialogue with each other over the struggle for human existence upon the face of the earth.

Beginnings

As one can see from all this, my own preparatory novitiate for the East has been superficial and shallow. I had a casual acquaintance with the Orientalism present in the American counterculture. In a religious vein, I tried to seek out guidelines for a Christian dialogue with Eastern religions; I even tried to modify my own styles of prayer and meditation. I began to expand my more disciplined studies in philosophy to the extent that I began teaching undergraduate courses ambiguously entitled "Oriental Thought." When American colleges began to "retool" their faculties for what has been come to be called Non-Western Studies, I was singled out by my colleagues in the Philosophy Department as a likely prospect for "retooling." I was encouraged to apply for a study/travel summer trip to India from some local multi-initialed academic agency. The conditions for acceptance were that the applicant should have never traveled to the East and have absolutely no knowledge nor competence in Oriental studies. I considered myself well qualified. I applied. I received the grant and I spent the following summer in India.

Naturally, the League of the East, whose crafty exploits I remembered so well from Hesse's book *Journey to the East,* was most suspicious and skeptical of my credentials. I became very aware of being followed and being tested by the League. On the very morning of my arrival at the New Delhi Airport I became acutely conscious of the League's haunting and dogging of every step. The magnificent sunrise experienced from the airplane had been nothing short of inspiring. Once processed through customs, I discovered that my layover time for flight to Madras had been unaccountably doubled. Even then I did not suspect the conspiratorial hand of the League. It was nearly noon when I saw a tall bearded white man walk into the airport lounge. He wore a long, tattered white robe and walked with a loose and free movement, carrying a half-empty canvas bag over his right shoulder. His long hair was tied together with a string at the back of his head. He removed his sandals, pulled his legs up the chair in a half-lotus position, and proceeded to read Hermann Hesse's novel *Narcissus and Goldmund.*

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It was Richard Alpert, now known as Baba Ram Dass. Instantly and with certainty I knew the man. Not only was I stunned with the joy of recognizing Ram Dass, but I fell into a period of self-examination. Obviously, this man was sent to me as an emissary from the League. Was it allowed to speak publicly to members of the League? To snub such a one was insulting; to address him directly was an impertinence. For a moment I even began to doubt the man's identity.

The name of the book Ram Dass wrote is *Beherenow*. The title is enscribed as an endless circle so that it could also read *Herebenow* and *Nowbehere*. It was published by something like the Lama Foundation and costs $3.33. I remembered all this very well, for during the previous spring term one of my students, laughingly, brought me the book. To him, the book was one big joke. It had the look of an underground Sears, Roebuck Catalogue. The largest part of the work consisted of wild, slangy slogans printed in the form of banners or posters.

But I discovered that the book was meant to be taken seriously. The last part was a detailed expositition on the theory and practice of Yoga. The first part, entitled "The Transformation: Dr. Richard Alpert, Ph.D. into Baba Ram Dass," is autobiographical. The author's life had three stages. The first stage Alpert calls the social science stage. In 1961 Alpert was a promising young psychologist; at Harvard, Yale, Berkeley and Stanford a long list of achievements marked his arrival as a first-rank academician. But a growing dissatisfaction with life and an acquaintance with Timothy Leary led Alpert into the second stage of his life, the psychodelic stage. With a certain scientific thoroughness Alpert and a group of colleagues went through the whole drug scene until 1967. That year a friend invited Alpert to travel from Teheran to India overland in an all-purpose vehicle called a Land Rover. This particular journey to the East almost ended in despair. But a young American happened to come along who led Alpert to his own special guru somewhere in the foothills of the Himalayas. Here Alpert found not only his guru, but peace of mind and his new name, Ram Dass. He calls this final transformation his Yogi stage.

The autobiography in *Beherenow* has a series of photographs documenting the gradual transformation from a Harvard professor of psychology into Ram Dass the Yogi. Now here in the New Delhi Airport Ram Dass was sitting in front of me. At least I was quite sure it was he. Or was it? At this time the PA system announced that at last my long overdue flight to Madras was about to take on passengers. Let the League be damned, I thought, and I walked over to the man to inquire who he was.

With an embarrassed smile, but in a personable, gracious manner, the gentleman acknowledged his identity. At the moment, Ram Dass said, he was on pilgrimage to some shrine of the god Rama. For the summer he planned to spend some twelve to fourteen hours in meditation every day. Ram Dass affirmed that all was going well between the guru and himself. Curiously the guru was asking Ram Dass and his Western friends to read and study the life and sayings of Jesus. (Alpert, a Jew, seems never to have admitted to his guru that the Jesus thing was not exactly a natural for him.) They were all using the new authorized version of the New Testament. The letters of Paul, said Ram Dass, came through with a new and startling meaning in this new translation.

Ram Dass agreed wholeheartedly that a thorough study of the early Greek Fathers of the church would be invaluable for today's Christians to recover traditional sources of authentic Christian spirituality. He himself was also reading the *Philocalia* and *The Way of the Pilgrim*.

If Ram Dass had not called my attention to the PA system announcing the last call for the flight to Madras I would have missed my plane. I rushed off with a hurried goodbye and a certain new respect for the mysterious workings of the League of the East.

That brief conversation with Ram Dass haunted me. At first, all I could think of was J. D. Salinger's book *Franny and Zooey*. I recalled Franny's frantically trying to achieve interior peace by repeating over and over again the Jesus Prayer of the Pilgrim: "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me." But the deeper meanings of my Christian past also haunted me. Here was a Hindu-Tibetan guru advising his Western disciples to read the *Philocalia*. Now the *Philocalia* is described very accurately by Franny in her part of the story. It is a collection of texts dealing with mental prayers from the Fathers of the Greek Church. It was gathered together around the 17th century and was a major influence upon modern Greek-Russian monasticism. The *Philocalia* is a deeply Christian work. Yet Ram Dass told me that he was reading and praying over the *Philocalia*. Was I really coming home by coming to the East? Was my pilgrimage the correct way home?

Salinger

Almost three weeks later, in an international bookstore in Colchin, I purchased the Penguin paperback edition of *Franny and Zooey*. I had read the book once, more than a decade ago. At the time I found it to be a rather weird and disappointing sequel to *Catcher in the Rye*. But this time the soil of my soul was softened and well-watered. The reading of *Franny and Zooey* was an extremely warm and rewarding experience for me.

First of all, the literary craftsmanship of J. D. Salinger re-impressed me very much. The description of Franny's Saturday lunch with Lane is a little masterpiece of fine writing. Even greater finesse is demonstrated in describing the set of complex personalities surrounding

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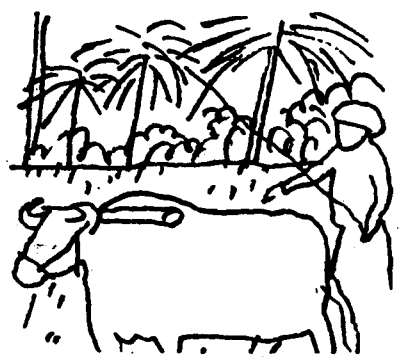
Zooey's relationships with Franny. Salinger himself seems openly self-conscious of his own craftsmanship. In the postscript to his long letter, Buddy recounts the time when Boo Boo once criticized one of Buddy's stories as being "too clever." The older, wiser Seymour shook his head and said that cleverness was the writer's "permanent affliction," his "wooden leg." Salinger could very well be speaking about himself. And I realize that I am "in the worst possible taste to draw attention to it," but, nevertheless, let the obvious be said: Salinger is an extremely clever writer.

The depth and accuracy of Salinger's knowledge of worldwide mysticism was my second major "new" impression from this reading of *Franny and Zooey*. The book was written in 1955, antedating even the Beat Generation. Since then we have been plagued from many sides with a wild and fuzzy Oriental mysticism. None of this is present in the early Salinger. Every great mystic from the East and West, every tradition, every prayer, every teaching is accurately and sympathetically reported. For example, Franny reports very accurately the true meaning and the true tradition of hesychasm. (The article on hesychasm in the *New Catholic Encyclopedia* cites *Franny and Zooey* in its bibliography.) This is a Greek word; it refers to purity and simplicity of heart. The asceticism of hesychasm is best expressed in the story of the wandering monk described in the book *The Way of the Pilgrim*. This is a real book about a real wandering Russian monk. Franny's description is accurate in every detail. Later she expresses the need to get out of one's own Ego to perform the meritless act, and yet the merciless drive of the mystic to seek enlightenment and peace is beautifully portrayed by Franny. Her dissertation about prayer and God is very much to the point. Peoples from widely divergent religious traditions seem to approach mystical prayer to God in very similar ways. So again, in all these different ways, in rereading *Franny and Zooey* on my journey to the East I began to feel that joy of coming home.

Finally, in *Franny and Zooey* Salinger uses the term "freak." Zooey knows that he and his sister have been turned into "freaks" by their early introduction into mysticism by their two older brothers. With great personal anguish, Franny quits her college theater, almost quits her English major, argues with Lane, because, in the words of Holden Caulfield, all the people around her were "phonies." Zooey, too, at times, regrets being a "freak," but he knows he can do nothing about it. He knows he can never live a drab, cardboard existence anymore, and, for the most part, he glories in his fate. Today's children of the counterculture revel in the title "freak," but few of them seem to live with the peaceful resolution which Zooey helps Franny discover. The very end of the book is a genuinely religious resolution. *"Don't you know who that Fat Lady really is?* Ah, Buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ himself. Christ himself." This also resolved for Zooey the conflict of how a "freak" can live at peace in the world of normal, ugly, conforming people.. Today's"freaks" are only slowly learning this lesson: how to live with the Hard Hats and the Archie Bunkers of the land. I like to tell some of today's "freaks." "Don't you know who Archie Bunker really is? Ah, my friend. It's Christ himself. Archie Bunker is Christ himself."

My enjoyment of J.D. Salinger was not without the usual ironic persecution from the League of the East. It was on the flight from Cochin to Bombay that I read *Franny and Zooey*. We flew in a small two-engine turbo jet and had two stops before Bombay. This meant that we had to head down into the monsoon turbulence twice to land and twice we had to rise through and above that same turbulence. Now in India I traveled by car, by city bus, country bus and city train; I traveled by train, first class, second class and third; I traveled by auto taxi, three-wheeled motor taxi, three-wheeled bicycle taxi and by ricksha; and I walked and I walked



and I walked. But it was only by riding the airplane that I lost one kind of personal dignity. Riding that airplane I became as sick as a dog. I fought discomfort and airsickness with every kind of medicinal, physical and psychological device I knew. And I just hung on. At long last our wheels touched land at Bombay. I tried to heave that traditional sigh of relief. But what I brought forth was not a sigh but a bag-full of offerings for the gods of the sky. I could almost hear the League laughing at me. I wondered if I had been appointed to ride oxcart for the rest of my journey in the East.

Bombay is a huge, modern city, cosmopolitan and international. The view from my hotel along Marina Drive reminded me of Chicago, North Lake Shore Drive. But why go to the East to see Chicago? The monsoon showers dogged my every move. In desperation I joined a conducted bus tour of the city. The hostess was charming enough with her delightful smile and blue sari, but an Australian businessman ruined the tour by asking boorish questions about economic matters. ("Why don't they do something about public begging?")

We stopped at a Jain Temple on Malabar Hill. Ar-

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chitecturally, it was a dull, commonplace building, as exciting as an American mid-western church of fake Gothic. I dutifully removed my shoes to enter. On the main floor of the temple, in two long rows, sat a choir of fifty women, all dressed in white, singing and chanting and beating out beautiful rhythms with sticks and bells. I was instantly captivated by a sense of reverence and of a delicate beauty. I had seen the Hindu temples of South India and found there a certain carnival air; some of them were little more than ancient, religious versions of Disneyland. Here, however, in this Jain Temple of Bombay, my Western Christian sensibilities felt a sense of the holy, of people genuinely at prayer. In a type of religious trance, I slowly moved through the temple (far out of earshot from the critical Australian). I ascended the flights of winding stairs to the second and third floors.

It was on the third floor I found the picture. The story was about a certain Sibi Chakravati who had come upon a wounded pigeon which sought refuge from the attacks of a falcon. Now the religion of Jainism holds that all life is of equal value and that no life of any kind is ever to be taken. The dietary habits of the people, therefore, are quite severe. They may eat eggs, ripe fruit and dried grains, but they will never kill to eat, nor even pluck a living fruit or cut off leaves or stems from a living plant. (The Australian, of course, held all such views in utter contempt.) The story has it that when the falconer demanded the wounded pigeon as his rightful prey, Sibi Chakravati refused to give it up. The picture showed this heroic young man with his pigeon, each standing on the opposite sides of a scale balance. The scale, of course was at perfect balance to teach the lesson that the pigeon's life (any life) is of perfect equality with man's life. The inscription to the picture (in English) read: "If it comes to sacrifice thy own reliable life, desist not from it, but defend to thy death a living creature: be it man, animal, or bird which has sought thy refuge."

I stood there a long time, almost weeping, thinking about many things. Above all, I thought about Franny, the ten-year-old Franny, who once rejected Jesus because of this very principle. Zooey tried to make Franny remember the incident.

> You banged in—all in an uproar, with the Bible wide open. You didn't like Jesus any more? . . . You disapproved of—the thing you had the Bible open to—was the lines 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' *That* was all right. That was lovely. That you approved of. *But,* when Jesus says in the same breath, 'Are ye not much better than they?'—*ah,* that's where little Franny gets off. That's where little Franny quits the Bible cold and goes straight to Buddha, who doesn't discriminate against all those nice fowls of the air. All those sweet, lovely chickens and geese that we used to keep up at the Lake. . . . You're constitutionally unable to love or understand any son of God who says a human being, *any* human being—even a Professor Tupper—is more valuable to God than any soft, helpless Easter chick.

I wanted to write Zooey a description of this picture. I wanted to send him the exact quotation so that he could add this to the list of quotations on the back of Seymour's door. I wanted to explain to Zooey that this particular story and religious moral is from the Jain tradition (which influenced both Buddha and Gandhi). I wanted to shake the hand of J. D. Salinger in appreciation for his amazing insights into men's religious thoughts. I wanted to tell H. H. and Hermann Hesse that, indeed, I was beginning to feel that my journey to the East was a "coming home." But it was a "coming home" through Ram Dass, Jesus, Hesse and Salinger—Westerners—and what I was recovering was not the distant East but the recall of what was deep inside me. I began to realize that I could meet the East only after I had recovered more completely my own Western and Christian traditions.

Zooey taught Franny to realize that the Fat Lady is Christ, that a true religious attitude sees the divine, not in some distant vista, but in seeking the sacred in the very ordinary things of everyday life. That day I tried, but I must admit failed to accept that boorish Australian as Christ. The ladies in white were still chanting as we boarded the bus to continue the tour. The Australian was commenting about the filth, while a fresh monsoon shower set the streets awash. Both the musical beauty of the Jain chant and the religious beauty of the Jain reverence for life haunted me all the rest of the day. I groped for some kind of personal interior response to all this, but all I could find (along with Franny and the Russian pilgrim) was the Jesus Prayer. "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me!" The League of the East was having its sport again. It brought me to the East only to teach me to pray to Jesus.

CATHERINE MURRAY

"MORNING, AT SEVEN"

Like lazy sperm, I swim through milky air,
(White curtains froth above my bedroom chair.)
Those little pictures still in my head are
poems like childhood, but the electric company
pulls out all the stops: the chandelier
big business bursts above me, illuminating with
its bulbs of ice my face,
that annotated book, my wakening mind.

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SIMPLE SIMONY

THE SCREEN

A typical Neil Simon comedy is about some guys who couldn't make it in a million years, no matter what *it* is. Simon's hero is always completely out of it—out of his element like the men trying to keep house in *The Odd Couple* or the father of the bride in *Plaza Suite,* permanently out to lunch like the restaurateur in *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers,* out of a job like the advertising executive in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue,* or just out of town like the mid-westerners visiting New York in *The Out-of-Towners.* And Simon's latest script, *The Heartbreak Kid,* which has been directed by Elaine May, begins as if it's going to run true to formula.

This time the nice Jewish boy, Leonard (Charles Grodin), is out of his mind. He marries an appropriate girl, Lila (Jeannie Berlin), and sets out from New York for a honeymoon in Miami. By Virginia, however, Leonard is finding the former girl of his dreams revolting. When a burn confines her to the hotel room for their first couple of days in sun city, he begins chasing a blonde from Minneapolis, Kelly (Cybill Shepherd), whom he meets on the beach. After a few casual encounters with this icy goddess, Leonard finally takes his newly moulted wife out to dinner—so he can tell her he's leaving her and moving to Minneapolis.

Up to this point *The Heartbreak Kid* is the usual Simonizing. It makes Simon's earlier script look like *The Second-to-Last of the Red Hot Lovers.* In fact, Leonard has a lot in common with Barney (Alan Arkin), the last "last" lover. Like Leonard, Barney is schlepping after a woman who is out of his league. Actually, he's schlepping after several. His first two times at the plate he strikes out with a fast ball (Sally Kellerman) and a screwball (Paula Prentiss), so his last time up he goes for a change of pace (Renee Taylor). But even with the neighbor's wife, Barney has no more chance than we would give Leonard with Kelly.

Barney's attempted seduction of Jeanette is the kind of scene that Simon can write from memory—and usually does. He has written it again in *The Heartbreak Kid* when Leonard takes Lila out for dinner in Miami. (That Barney's purpose is to get Jeanette into his bed, while Leonard's is to get Lila out of his, only demonstrates the algebraic quality of Simon's mind; whenever a formula proves valid, he assumes that its converse must be valid too.) In such classic Simon scenes, each character pursues his or her own line of reasoning without listening much to the other, except to misconstrue something from time to time. Through years of practice Simon has learned to include a distracting side issue in every scene of this sort. In Barney's case it is a bathrobe of his mother's that he happens to be wearing. At Leonard and Lila's farewell dinner, it is a piece of pecan pie Leonard orders for dessert.

If *The Heartbreak Kid* ended here, it would be as soggy a matzo ball as *Red Hot Lover.* At the very most, when it does continue, we expect Leonard to return to Lila the way Barney returns to his senses. But Simon surprises us, for once. Leonard goes through with the annulment, moves to Minneapolis, outwits Kelly's ape of a boy friend, outlasts her bear of a father (Eddie Albert), and woos her into marriage. Perhaps if Elaine May weren't directing this time, or Simon weren't adapting a Bruce Jay Friedman short story instead of one of his own plays, things would have turned out differently for Leonard and Lila. But I doubt it. One of the disappointing things about this movie is that Simon's writing clearly dominates Ms. May's direction. The Simon touch is so deadening in the first half of the movie, it's impossible to believe he hasn't still got the upper hand in the second half.

Situation comedy is an attempt to domesticate one's nightmares, and so far Simon's nightmares have been a stock assortment: violence and social alienation (*The Out-of-Towners*), homosexuality (*The Odd Couple*), and, especially, sexual humiliation (*Luv, Plaza Suite, Red Hot Lover,* et al.). True to the function of comedy, Simon's plays are written only to make our fear of such things laughable, not to overcome it. This is why the out-of-towners flee New York defeated, Barney remains an unadulterated schlemiel and Simon's heroes generally fail to score. One way to account for Leonard, then, is to suppose that he's not a nightmare at all, but a wish fulfillment: a gemutlich David from New York who triumphs over the aryan Goliaths of the midwest.

But it seems just as likely that Leonard reveals a a deeper, spookier level of Simon's unconscious. In the last scene of the film Simon and May finally begin to work harmoniously. Having opened with Leonard's marriage to Lila, the film closes with his marriage to Kelly. At the reception Leonard makes the rounds of her father's friends, handing them all the same bull about his future plans. Finally there's no one left to tell except a couple of little kids, who sit through Leonard's spiel uncomfortably and run away as soon as he's finished. Alone now on the couch, Leonard glances around with a peculiar, restless look on his face. Is he looking for new worlds to conquer, or is he looking with apprehension and dismay at the world he has conquered and must now live in? Perhaps the one possibility that Simon fears more than being put down by the Sally Kellermans and Paula Prentisses and Cybill Shepherds of the world is being accepted by them. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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BOOKS

FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1971 through July, 1972. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in a pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

BERNARD E. OLSON, Supervisor
Paula K. Lazarus Library
of Intergroup Relations

This selection from the complete list
is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

Children of Crisis: Migrants, Sharecroppers, Mountaineers, by Robert Coles. Atlantic Monthly—Little Brown. $12.50. Paper, $4.95.

Children of Crisis: The South Goes North, by Robert Coles. Atlantic Monthly—Little Brown. $12.50. Paper, $4.95.

The prize-winning first book of this series. **A Study of Courage and Fear,** is now followed by two more volumes of the same high caliber. In Vol. II, Coles details the lives of the rural poor in the American South and Appalachia, some of them tenant farmers, others coal miners, both black and white. As its title implies, Vol. III traces the poor in their migrations to northern cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, New York and Boston. Perceptive and eloquent writing of high literary merit and insight into the human situation.

A Christian America: Protestant Hopes and Historical Realities, by Robert T. Handy. Oxford. $7.95.

America was predominantly Protestant until recent times. This book examines the Protestant effort to mold a "Christian civilization," and, in the process, sheds much understanding on contemporary events and social conflicts in American life.

The Cotton Patch Evidence: The Story of Clarence Jordan and the Koinonia Farm Experiment, by Dallas Lee. Harper and Row. $5.95.

The story of a preacher-farmer-scholar who founded the controversial Koinonia Farm in Americus, Georgia, and translated "The Cotton Patch Version" of the New Testament. Daring to live by his beliefs, this one man's spiritual pilgrimage—and the opposition it aroused—points up his earthiness, realism, bravery, and humor, and, thereby, makes an implicit judgment upon our ordinary compromises.

Growing Up Female: Ten Lives, ed. and introduced by Eve Merriam. Doubleday. $7.95.

Out of the pages of our country's history the editor has assembled the personal narratives of an astronomer, a pioneer, a slave, a doctor, a Winnebago Indian, a labor organizer, a Southern "lady," a school girl, and a suffragist to tell what it was like to face life as a woman in America. Old words with contemporary interpretation make these documents exciting reading, and an appendix called "Attic" contains a browsing miscellany of old pictures, newspaper ads, and magazine short subjects which reflect earlier restrictive attitudes toward women.

Half Bitter, Half Sweet: An Excursion into Italian-American History, by Alexander De Conde. Scribner's. $12.50.

At last the neglected story of U.S.-Italian relations from colonial times to the present has been told with sympathy, candor, and skill. Italian-Americans will appreciate the detailed and illuminating account of their dual heritage. Other readers will better understand the recent militancy of some groups. All will profit from the discussion of the prejudices and myths which have long affected an immigrant people.

The Jesus People: Old-Time Religion in the Age of Aquarius, by Ronald M. Enroth, Edward E. Ericson, Jr. and C. Breckinridge Peters. Eerdmans. $5.95.

The superficial glimpses into the Jesus movement afforded by the mass media have left many people wondering what the phenomenon is all about. This book, the first in-depth study of these new Christians, discusses their origins, leaders, beliefs, and life styles. Its conclusions challenge both the Jesus People and their church-affiliated critics.

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ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

JOSEPH E. CUNNEEN, Editor, Cross Currents.

ARTHUR HERTZBERG, Rabbi, Temple Emanuel, Englewood, New Jersey.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian, YWCA, New York City.

DORIS VIACAVA, Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to:

The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019

Overcoming Middle Class Rage, ed. by Murray Friedman. Foreword by Hubert H. Humphrey. Westminster Press. $7.95 ($3.95 paperback).

Sandwiched in between the wealthy and the poor are 70 million Americans whose plight, feelings, and opinions are singularly ignored by the mass media, politicians, and religious leaders. Twenty prominent political analysts and sociologists examine this class, their differentiation and rising self-consciousness as ethnic and middle-class working groups, their life-styles, values, and characteristics.

Puerto Rican Americans: The Meaning of Migration to the Mainland. by Joseph P. Fitzpatrick. Prentice-Hall. $6.95. ($3.50 paperback).

A sober and richly informative interpretation of the Puerto Rican migration to the United States, and the ongoing search for a new identity on the mainland that would also be in continuity with the past. Fitzpatrick summarizes the island background before discussing the Puerto Rican family, the problem of color, religion, schools, welfare, mental illness, and drug abuse.

Red Man's Land—White Man's Law: A Study of the Past and Present Status of The American Indian, by Wilcomb E. Washburn. Scribner's. $7.95.

From the original perception of the Indian as friendly and hospitable to the English settlers, through the legal take-over of Indian property, through Chief Justice Marshall's 1823 decision that the principle of "discovery" is the law of the land, to improvements in the Bureau of Indian Affairs under Nixon, Historian Washburn has documented the Indian's encounter with the vagaries of the American legal system, sometimes, supportive, but more often restrictive of the Indian's freedom. Dispassionate and balanced, this account is essential to both conservative and radical sides of the Indian power debate.

Revolution Through Peace, by Dom Helder Camara. Harper & Row. $5.95.

This collection of speeches, lectures, and sermons by the dynamic Archbishop of Recife and Olinda is a moving statement of faith calling for a serious attack on the problems of the Third World. He seeks a peaceful revolution, but the failure of existing social structures and the callousness of wealthy nations is forcefully brought out.

Something Beautiful for God: Mother Teresa of Calcutta, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Harper & Row. $5.95.

It is difficult to imagine people more destitute and abandoned than those who lie dying on the streets of Calcutta. It is equally hard to picture others committing their entire lives to helping them. Yet this is what Mother Teresa and her followers are doing, and Muggeridge tells their exceptional story with simplicity and love.

Touch the Earth: A Self-Portrait of Indian Existence, compiled by T. C. McLuhan. Outerbridge and Dienstfrey. $6.95.

The movements for minority rights and ecology have re-awakened an interest in North American Indians. This selection of Indian speeches and writings from the 16th to the 20th centuries expresses their closeness to nature, their views of the White Man's history, and their anguish and anger at the destruction of their way of life. Included throughout the text are early photographs which depict a civilization which has all but vanished.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Annie and the Old One, by Miska Miles. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Atlantic Monthly—Little, Brown. $3.95.

Navajo traditions and contemporary Indian life provide the background of this story about a little girl and her gradual acceptance of the inevitable—the imminent death of her grandmother. A Newbery Honor Book. (6-9)

Around the Corner, by Virginia Sorensen. Illustrated by Robert Weaver. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $4.95.

Junie Johnson liked the white Hinkles despite his proud black mother's initial disapproval. But it was not until his bossy sister, Dora, formed the two families into a community singing group that the Hinkles were fully accepted in the neighborhood. (8-11)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

LUCIA ENGLE, Assistant Director, Elementary School Libraries, New York City Board of Education.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books and Mass Media, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People; Director, the Bookplan.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in Literature for Children and Young People, St. John's University.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Child of the Navajos, by Seymour Reit. Photographs by Paul Conklin. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

Jerry Begay lives in the lively world of contemporary America and the ancient world of the Navajo. Both worlds come together in his progressive Reservation school that interweaves Indian arts and culture into its modern curriculum. (7-10)

The Dancers, by Walter Dean Myers. Pictures by Anne Rockwell. Parent's Magazine Press. $4.50.

A ballerina comes to dance for Michael on his own block and soon all of the children, white and black, are dancing for her. A delightful picture-story book. (4-8)

Graciela: A Mexican-American Child Tells Her Story, by Joe Molnar. Franklin Watts. $4.50.

Perfectly integrated photographs round out a spontaneous account, by a 12-year-old girl, of her family's daily life in Texas and as migrant farmers in Michigan. Innate dignity, family love and responsibility, educational hopes and aspirations, give depth and form to this compelling book. (8-10)

Horace Pippin: the Artist as a Black American, by Selden Rodman and Carole Cleaver. Doubleday. $4.95.

A simply written biography of an untrained, crippled man who, in his last years, received worldwide acclaim. Illustrations of the artist's work, in black-and-white and in color. (8-12).

The House on the Mountain, by Eleanor Clymer. Illustrated by Leo Carty. Dutton. $3.95.

A family of Black children meet prejudice when they go to the country on the Fourth of July. (8-12)

I Am Here: Yo Estoy Aqui, by Rose Blue. Pictures by Moneta Barnett. Franklin Watts. $4.75.

Homesick for Puerto Rico, Luz finds the new words and the children strange when he goes to school in an American kindergarten. (5-8)

Jake, by Alfred Slote. Lippincott. $1.95 paperback.

Eleven-year-old Jake is Black, tough, and very talented in baseball. A first-rate story. (8-12)

James Weldon Johnson, by Harold W. Felton. Illustrated by Charles Shaw. Dodd Mead. $3.75.

A fine biography of a distinguished man and poet of many talents, who made his mark in several fields of service—to his country in general, and to his own Black people in particular. As one of the founders of the NAACP, his was a potent voice on their behalf. (10-12)

Jimmy Yellow Hawk, by Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve. Illustrated by Oren Lyons. Holiday House. $4.50.

The adventures of a modern Sioux Indian boy as he grows up and finds his father calling him "Jimmy" instead of "Little Jim." (8-10)

Journey to Topaz: the Story of Japanese American Evacuation, by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Donald Carrick. Scribner's. $4.95.

The experiences of a little Nisei girl when she and her parents suddenly become "enemy aliens" in their own country in 1941. (10 and up)

Kate, by Jean Little, Harper & Row. $3.95. Paper, $1.25.

A vital delineation of a girl's growing maturity, gained through a rewarding friendship and a deepening understanding of family values in a mixed marriage. (10-12)

Magdalena, by Louise R. Shotwell. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. Viking. $4.95.

A Puerto Rican grandmother striving to keep the old ethnic ways is forced to reconsider when Magdalena cuts off her braids. A moving story of old values at war with the new. (8-11)

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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists men and women of diverse religious groups who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among persons of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in moral law and in religious faith.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

The Making of an Afro-American: Martin Robinson Delany, 1812-1885, by Dorothy Sterling. Doubleday. $4.95.

An insight into the lives of free Blacks is provided by this well-documented account of the father of black nationalism. (9-12)

The Montgomery Bus Boycott, December 1955, by Janet Stevenson. Illustrated with photographs. Franklin Watts. $3.95.

How one black woman's courageous protest sparked the historic fight against segregation in the South, recounted from its small beginning to its widespread success and its heartwarming, though sometimes heartbreaking, consequences. (10-13)

Nellie Cameron, by Michele Murray. Drawings by Leonora E. Prince. Seabury. $4.95.

A "slow learner" who makes it is the main character in this story of a Black family in Washington, D.C. A sympathetic portrayal. (8-12)

The New Life—La Vida Nueva: The Mexican Americans Today, by Arnold Dobrin. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.

This book on "the quiet revolution" shows that, without discarding characteristic virtues and loyalties, Mexican Americans are now becoming more specifically involved than before with the community as a whole. Much is told through human interest vignettes of typical individuals who serve their people's educational and socio-economic needs. (10-14)

Oo-oonah Art, by Pupils of Taos Pueblo Indian School. Ed. by Constantine Aiello. Taos Pueblo Governor's Office, Box 239, Taos, New Mexico, 87571. $10.00.

This unique book is comprised of beautiful poems composed by Taos Indian 7th and 8th graders, with handsome art in rich colors also created by the children. Profits from the book support an Art Center for the Tribe's children. The word "Oo-oonah" means "child" in the Taos language. (All ages)

Pet Show, by Ezra Jack Keats. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan. $4.95.

Personal warmth and good fellowship fill this delightful picture and story book, with an extra touch of gentleness at its ending. (5-7)

Seventeen Black Artists, by Alton C. Fax. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead. $7.95.

The creations and personal experiences of the 17 leading Black American artists—painters, sculptors, and photographers—are set forth in this engrossing commentary. (14 and up)

Someplace Else, by Ben Shecter. Illustrated by the author. Harper & Row. $4.50.

While he studied for his bar mitzvah, Arnie experienced both sad and happy times, but he found in his father a true friend. (8-12)

The Tamarack Tree, by Betty Underwood. Illustrated by Bea Holmes. Houghton,Mifflin. $4.75.

The appalling restrictions on women in 1833, and the struggle of Prudence Crandall to operate her school for "young ladies of color," are highlighted in this tale of a white orphan girl who is determined to go to college. (9-12)

Victor, by Clare K. Galbraith. Illustrated by Bill Commerford. Little, Brown. $3.50.

In a warm family story, a Puerto Rican boy's anxiety about his new school and home situation in the United States is assuaged when his mother takes English lessons. (8-10)

Why People are Different Colors, by Julian May. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Holiday House. $4.95.

From pre-historic to modern man, superb pictures and simple text trace the physical variations in people—their skin-color, hair, eyes, etc.—through adaptive changes due to climate, geography, migration, and genealogy. (7-10)

The Year of Small Shadow, by Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $4.95.

A year's maturing experience as the ward of a white man, in which an Indian lad creates mutual understanding between himself and the white villagers. Thoughtful in its treatment of his final decision to grow to manhood among his own people. (10-13)

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DOROTHY DAY AT 75

JOHN C. CORT

A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and The Catholic Worker Movement

WILLIAM D. MILLER

Liveright, $8.95

The Long Loneliness
Loaves and Fishes
On Pilgrimage: The Sixties

DOROTHY DAY

Curtis Books, each $1.25

The year was 1936. The place was a meeting of the Central Labor Union of New York City packed with delegates from AFL locals. The chairman was Joe Ryan, head of the longshoremen's union, who later did time for accepting bribes from shipowners.

A small minority of progressive delegates was arguing for support of a strike of rebel seamen to break the interlocking grip of Ryan and Emperor Grange on the waterfront. Grange was a labor leader who opened seamen's union meetings by taking out a .45 and laying it on the table.

The Catholic Worker was supporting this strike by running a soup kitchen on 10th Avenue that served no soup but lots of coffee, bread and apple butter. Ryan was fighting the strike and supporting Grange. He controlled the meeting, his musclemen hunching up and down the aisles and glaring at anyone who said a good word for the strikers. The meeting broke up in near riot, with Ryan shouting encouragement to his goons to beat the hell out of the opposition. I was covering the meeting for the *C.W.* Filled with horror at the thought of impending slaughter and moved by some impulse more childish than childlike, I approached Ryan, as he came down from the stage, with the intention of appealing to him to call off his tanks. I had heard he was supposed to be a devout Catholic.

"I'm from the Catholic Worker—," I started off. Ryan stopped me. "You go back and tell Dorothy Day that she's no lady," he said as he pushed me aside with a look of crippling contempt.

Anne Fremantle, who is a sharp observer, says that Dorothy Day is indeed no lady, only "the most unsentimental of saints." Could be. And Robert Coles, another sharp observer, objects to the talk of sanctity only because he sees it as an excuse for all of us to chicken out of the challenge that this woman confronts us with, to spend our lives as she has, serving the poor and fighting for peace and justice.

Last November she was 75 years old and *America* devoted a whole issue to tributes from 12 distinguished contributors. Liveright has chosen the occasion to publish a fine history of the Catholic Worker movement, now just short of its own 40th birthday. It is called *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* and is written by William D. Miller, professor of history at Florida State University. Curtis Books has also joined the chorus by republishing in paperback two of Dorothy's best books, *The Long Loneliness* (mainly autobiographical, written in 1952) and *Loaves and Fishes* (mostly about the C.W., first published in 1963). To these Curtis has added a new collection of Dorothy's highly personal and effective pieces that appeared in the *C.W.* over a ten-year span entitled *On Pilgrimage: The Sixties.*

Professor Miller's book is probably the first comprehensive history of what Dwight Macdonald has reminded us is one of the oldest radical movements in the country still going strong today. Miller's viewpoint is highly sympathetic, and he writes with the historian's loving attention to detail, but he gets off to a slow start with a chapter on "The Radical Idea of the Catholic Worker Movement."

He strives valiantly to sort out and catalogue the ideas that floated around the movement like chunks of meat, potatoes and carrots in a typical C.W. stew. Attributing any clear, precise ideology to Dorothy Day and the C.W. —especially back in '30s and '40s (she grows more ideological as she gets older)—reminds one of the remark made by Oscar Peterson, the great jazz pianist.

When some admirer, knowing that Peterson had studied classical music as a boy, asked if he hadn't detected a trace of Mozart in a number he had just played, Peterson replied, "I was going so fast I don't know what I was playing."

Dorothy Day was going too fast, especially in those early days, to know what she was playing other than the basic melodies of the Gospel and the Works of Mercy.

Peter Maurin was a different story. Dorothy says *he* was a saint. That could be, too. If you got him alone he was a gentle, lovable soul who would give you his last pair of pants, and he never had more than one. It was an article of faith that he should never have more than one. Put him in the midst of two or three potential listeners, however, and Peter turned into a tiger. And God help you if you tried to interrupt the flow. Correction: if you were Jacques Maritain or Hilaire Belloc come to call, Peter might give you a few minutes of attentive listening. But even then, after a bit you could see the great nose begin to twitch with impatience as he waited for the moment when the speaker paused too long to breathe between sentences. From years of practice on the debating fields of Union Square and Columbus Circle Peter had learned never to breathe between sentences.

Miller writes, "John Cort remembers that on his first day at the farm everybody sat around the big dining room table and listened to Maurin make a point. . . ." What John Cort really remembers is that Peter made a point, and then another point, and another point, while the rest of us

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sat around on that hot July afternoon hour after hour dying to make a few points of our own.

So let's make a few points now. (Eat your heart out, Peter, wherever in heaven you may be clarifying somebody else's thought.) Miller is right. There were some important ideas, besides the Gospel, that influenced Dorothy Day, and shaped the Catholic Worker movement. One is obviously pacifism, and these days it looks a good deal better than it did in the '30s and '40s.

Dorothy says that Peter was a pacifist, but I can't recall seeing anything he ever wrote or hearing anything he ever said that supports that. The subject didn't seem to interest him, or else he didn't feel confident enough to challenge the traditional Catholic view that there are just wars and there are unjust wars. Bill Callahan, managing editor of the paper during much of the '30s, was the theoretician of C.W. pacifism and it was from him that Dorothy took most of her ideas on the subject. In that same hot July on that same farm I remember Bill and me crawling on our knees down opposite sides of a long row of alien corn, pulling the weeds out with our hands for lack of hoes and arguing like crazy over pacifism.

Peter's thing was agrarianism. Back to the land and the cobbler's bench. Blended with a dash of anarchism. Later, in the '50s and '60s, Ammon Hennacy dumped a whole bushel basket of anarchism into the stew, but his brand was homegrown American, mixed with the sweat of Wobblies and the songs of Hopi Indians. (Ammon visited us once and we were almost blown out of our beds at 6 a.m. when he put a Hopi Indian sunrise dance on the record player and turned it up to full volume. In case you didn't know, the Hopi Indians had perhaps the best successful anarchistic society in world history, and Ammon appreciated it.)

Peter's anarchism was European, compounded of his childhood experiences growing up in a medieval village near the Pyrenees where the family's 80 sheep grazed on communal pasture in a flock of 2,000. This plus a liberal portion of the personalism of Emmanuel Mounier and the distributism of the Chesterbelloc.

The tip-off on Peter was that he was profoundly anti-union. "Strikes don't strike me," he used to say, and one of his worst non-sequiturs was "When the organizers try to organize the unorganized, then the organizers don't organize themselves." Peter's gentle/rugged individualism could take the spiritual discipline of the Catholic church but not the temporal discipline of a trade union. Imagine that: a bona fide radical who was anti-union and who, in spite of that, won the intellectual allegiance of an ex-Communist like Dorothy who, with magnificent inconsistency, wrote some of her best stuff in support of the great organizing campaigns and strikes of the '30s and '40s.

But for Peter the whole union scene was unnecessary and distracting. He abominated the machine even more than he abominated organization. Better to pull the weeds out with your hands than to compromise with the assembly line and industrialism.

But consider: the machines and organization are the works of man (woman). On balance, they are among the best works of man, the keys to a growing freedom from the tyranny of hunger and cold—despite abuses which have been many and great. And if you hate the best works of man, then it is pretty hard to teach others to love him. The love of man becomes indeed a "harsh and dreadful thing."

Don't get me wrong. I don't want to knock Father Zossima's statement in *The Brothers Karamazov,* the one from which Miller's title is taken, probably Dorothy Day's favorite quote. It goes, "Love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing compared with love in dreams. Love in dreams is greedy for immediate action, rapidly performed in the sight of all. . . . But active love is labor and fortitude." This is one of the great statements of all time, rich in human perception, but Dostoyevsky, like most writers, was tripped up by his reluctance to use modifiers. For the love of man isn't all that harsh and dreadful. To be honest, there's more than a touch of misanthropy to Dostoyevsky. Have you read "The Idiot" or even more so, "Notes from the Underground" lately? I have, and if you can finish those books without an attack of the screaming glooms, you're a less impressionable type than I am.

I mention this because Dorothy's love for Dostoyevsky bears, I think, some relationship to her acceptance of Peter's romantic agrarianism, with its built-in escape hatches from man and the works of man.

It's about time that somebody picked up where Teilhard de Chardin left off. Let's hear it for man, dammit. He (she) is only the most noble, the most beautiful, the most perfect work of God. Amend that to "a little lower than the angels." And if this modern world which he and she have produced is all that stinking lousy, then what becomes of our concept of God and His finest temporal creation?

No one but God knows, at any one time, whether the sum total of kindness and justice is going up or down, but there is an awful lot of evidence to show that it is greater now than it was in the glorious Middle Ages. And doesn't it seem logical that that should be so if man is in fact a rational animal who can learn from his mistakes and has an inborn craving for perfection toward which he staggers and stumbles, at times like a reeling drunkard, but still onward?

It is probably silly to ask of Dorothy Day that she should combine all the virtues, both spiritual and intellectual. Her beautiful and heroic example entitles her to a little escape from some of the uglier bungling for which man is also responsible.

And then she writes about it so well, both the bungling, the ugliness, and the escape. Even Dostoyevsky can't dampen her love of God and His creatures.

If you can't afford Professor Miller's book ($8.95 seems excessive for a book about the apostle of poverty) then read one of the paperbacks by the lady herself. This is the quintessential Dorothy Day, than whom there are few of God's creatures more beautiful or more noble.

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CRITICS' CHOICES

Arthur A. Cohen

It is a fact that in recent years I I have read many fewer books of and about religion than ever before. I do not ascribe this alone to the falling off of quality in religious literature, although many of the masters to whom one annually turned (for one or another of them had a book every year) are no longer among the living. I do not think them dead in any other than a literal sense. Buber, Tillich, Heschel, Barth, Reinhold Niebuhr are still very much with us and from several at least one can count on volumes of their *nachlass*. It is rather that I have lost a spirit of urgency, having developed a conviction that what one thought about religious issues mattered to no one other than the writer and too often, evident in the flaccidity of much theological prose, not even to him.

Restricted therefore to somewhat casual involvement in religious books and, as would be expected, among these, to books about Jewish religion, there are still several which strike me as being noteworthy. *Maimonides*, a reader edited and introduced by Isadore Twersky (the first in the Library of Jewish Studies under the general editorship of Neal Kozodoy) affords a thorough conspectus of that extraordinary medieval mind, concentrating at it should upon his own code of Jewish law, the *Mishneh Torah*, which not alone reflects the summation of Jewish legal practice, but grounds that practice upon the most resourceful theological metaphysics (Behrman House, $12.50). The little book by Jacob Neusner, *From Politics to Piety: The Emergence of Pharisaic Judaism* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95) is another example of that scholar's gift for compression lucidity. Last, among this gathering of Jewish books, is Gershom Scholem's *The Messianic Idea in Judaism* (Schocken Books, $15.00). Scholem is the *fons vitae* of Jewish mysticism, the half in Herbert Wiener's *8½ Mystics* (which is, by the way still the best popular introduction to modern vestiges of classic Jewish mysticism). Scholem, whose *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*, defined the grammar and rhetoric of Jewish mystical thinking, takes up in the seventeen essays which compose this volume the various attitudes and styles of Jewish messianism, from classic kabbalism and the Sabbatian conception of redemption through sin to the messianic views of Martin Buber and Franz Rosenzweig.

But having noted the above, one returns in parched times to old wells. The recent publication of Franz Kafka's *The Collected Stories* (Schocken Books, $12.50) reminds me of how extraordinarily natural that genius' sense of the universal mystery really was. I wish we did not have his *Letters to Milena* or for that matter *Dearest Father*. It is so easy after these to document the psychological morass. Much better the shallow munificence of Max Brod, praising everything, revealing nothing. The Stories confirm however that Kafka's mind, like the subsoil of an arboretum, was an interlacing skein of delicate and tough roots, rich humus, slugs and worms, all of which compose the matter on which life feeds.

Harvey Cox

After so many books *about* religion it is good to get back to the *ding an sich*, and that is why Elie Wiesel's *Souls on Fire* (Random House, $7.95), with its masterful retelling of the yarns of the Hasidic masters appealed to me so much. I hope Wiesel's example will be followed and we will get more collections like this, wound together with just enough narrative and history to place the stories themselves in their proper setting. I was also intrigued by a book called *Myth and Modern Man* by Raphael Petai (Prentice-Hall, $9.95), a remarkable use of myth analysis to look at such things as science fiction, the Nazi phenomenon, Madison Avenue and Che Guevara. Of all the spate of religion-and-ecology books, of which there are an awful lot of very bad ones, there is one very good one that stands out clearly as the most careful and complete. It is William Leiss' *The Domination of Nature* (Georges Braziller, $6.95). Leiss got his PhD. in philosophy from the University of California in San Diego and shows in this book that he has both learned from and gone beyond his doctor-father, Herbert Marcuse. He dedicates his book to his fellow UC philosopher Angela Davis. Lowell Streiker and Gerald Strober's *Religion and the New Majority*, (Association Press, $5.95), deals effectively with the piety of middle America, the politics of the 1970's and Billy Graham.

Maybe the critic should also have the privilege of listing the most unliked books. Topping my list would be Michael Novak's bewilderingly inchoate and frighteningly arrogant *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics*, (Macmillan, $7.95). I have seldom read a book in which I have found so many glaring inanities and sweeping overgeneralizations. If I were an "ethnic" I'd certainly be wondering whether Novak speaks for me. I found Gary Wills' *Bare Ruined Choirs*, (Doubleday, $7.95), a towering disappointment after its front page reviews. It sounded suspiciously like old notes, newly envenomed. Somebody must write soon a *good* book on the ethnics (not one

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that casts them again as wise peasants on the way to becoming noble savages) and on the Catholic Church since Vatican II. What Novak and Wills have done is to grab off the titles and topics without addressing the issues.

May I add in closing that I found Doris Lessing's *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell*, (Knopf, $6.95). the most profoundly "religious book" of the year.

George G. Higgins

A Religious History of the American People. Sidney A. Ahlstrom. (Yale University Press, $19.50)

Nineteen dollars and fifty cents is a whale of a lot of money to spend for a book, but by today's inflated standards the publisher would have been justified in charging twice as much for this monumental four-pound, 1150-page history of American religion—a labor of love which was ten years in the making and will undoubtedly have the field to itself for the indefinite future. There is really nothing like it on the market. It's a model of historical scholarship and also makes for delightful reading. Enthusiastically recommended.

A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker Movement. William D. Miller. (Liveright, $9.95)

Timed, whether fortuitously or not, to coincide with Dorothy Day's 75th birthday, this is the first full-length history of the Catholic Worker movement, now it its 40th year. Though the author is a professional historian and has done his research conscientiously, his book is no mere exercise in pedantic scholarship. He writes with the clarity and the verve of an experienced journalist. Moreover he has a definite point of view on the significance of the Catholic Worker movement and is averse to increasing "the burden of facticity in the world without adding to its meaning." His willingness to take a stand and to let his personal values show has, on the whole, served his purposes very well. On the other hand, I have the feeling that (like Garry Wills and David J. O'Brien, each in his own way and his own context) he may have exaggerated or overemphasized the real or alleged antithesis between the limited goals of "liberalism" and the "total" vision of the Catholic Worker movement. Be that as it may, his history of the movement is highly recommended. It's a beautiful tribute not only to Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin—two of the all-time greats in the history of American Catholicism—but also to scores of less celebrated but equally dedicated men and women (some of them associated in the past or still associated with *Commonweal*) who have collaborated with Dorothy and Peter at one time or another during the past 40 years and are likewise deserving of our gratitude and praise.

Living Our Future: Francis of Assisi and the Church Tomorrow. Mario von Galli, S.J. (Franciscan Herald Press, $6.95)

This is the "sleeper" book of the year in the field of religious publications. Unless I am badly mistaken, many "liberal" Catholics will think of it, at first sight, as just another pietistic exercise in hagiography. I felt that way about it myself until I remembered that its Jesuit author—the editor of the influential Zurich periodical, *Orientierung*— is also the author of what I consider to be, by all odds, one of the best books written thus far on Vatican II. Recalling the latter book and mindful of the fact that Father von Galli was not only one of the most colorful but also one of the best informed and most enlightened reporters at the Council, I decided, if only for old times' sake, to take a stab at his latest offering on Francis of Assisi. I am glad I did. The book is a delightfully informal but very sophisticated effort to show why Francis of Assisi stands today as a figure pointing towards the future of the Church and why he is so relevant in our revolutionary age. It's full of surprises and provocative asides, all aimed at supporting the argument of another Jesuit, Father Peter Lippert, put forth as far back as 1927, namely that "the fundamental newness which is precisely the thing being sought today by countless souls and in countless attempts at innovation, is to be found only . . . along the line of the original ideal of Francis." It strikes me, incidentally, that a Church which can produce, within one lifetime, two members of a Religious Order who are willing to pay such a glowing tribute to the founder of another Order can't be all bad.

A Theology of Liberation. Gustavo Gutierrez. (Orbis Books, hardback $7.95, paperback $4.95)

Many of the books that I have read on the theology of liberation have left me rather cold, but I must say that this one has turned me on completely. Its basic thesis is that "liberation" expresses the aspirations of Latin America better than "development" and that liberation, as the author understands it, is a spiritual experience "in the deepest sense of encounter with the Lord." That is to say, Father Gutierrez, professor of theology at the Catholic University of Lima, Peru, and a mentor of many Christian liberation movements in Latin America, sees "the efforts to build a more just, human, and free society in the context of the liberation of Christ. Political liberation finds its deepest meaning in the liberation of Christ."

Other writers have advanced this thesis in recent years, but none has done so as convincingly as Father Gutierrez. He has the advantage of being a first-rate theologian and the further advantage of being able to relate his theology to the phenomenon of political liberation with a precision and a skill which are truly remarkable. As a rank amateur in the field of theology, I have only one major criticism of his book. It seems to me that his effort to validate the class struggle in the light of the Gospel message of reconciliation is not completely persuasive. I don't say that he is wrong about this

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matter, but I do think that his line of reasoning stands in need of further refinement. In any event, I agree with Robert McAfee Brown when he says that Father Gutierrez is "one of the most important voices on the world theological scene."

Private Faces, Public Places. Abigail McCarthy. (Doubleday, $8.95)

Mrs. McCarthy says that "for those of us whose lives have been defined by others—by wifehood and motherhood there is no individual achievement to measure, only the experience of life itself." If that was ever true in Abigail's case, it ceased to be so with the publication of *Private Faces, Public Places.* This is an "individual achievement" that any woman (or man) might well be proud of. It has been a long time since I have read a more delightfully poignant re-creation of what it was like to be an American Catholic during the past couple of generations. I dare say that historians of American Catholicism will be citing it for years to come. Ditto for those historians who have a special interest in the American political process. Religion and politics aside, however, the important thing to note is that Abigail is an accomplished writer and a gifted literary stylist. Here's hoping that the richly deserved success of her memoirs will prompt her to give us more of the same. Her publisher and her editors will deserve nothing but scorn if they permit her to wiggle off the hook.

Richard P. McBrien

Preconciliar Catholic theology has been criticized on many counts, but nowhere were its failures more costly than in its inept handling of the really fundamental questions: the nature and task of theology, the meaning of revelation, and the interrelationship between faith and its various formulations.

Correspondingly, one of the most hopeful aspects of contemporary Catholic theology, and indeed of Christian theology generally, is its new attentiveness to those problems it once almost casually filed away in a drawer labeled "prolegomena."

Louis Dupré, by profession a philosopher, contributes mightily to this development in his *The Other Dimension: A Search for the Meaning of Religious Attitudes* (Doubleday, $10). Our society, he argues, is growing increasingly uncomfortable within its pragmatic world-oriented culture. Many people are concluding that a culture cannot be truly human without another dimension, and they are not yet ready to forgo, in particular, that dimension of reality which religious faith opened up in the past. This book examines the possibility of experiencing the transcendent in the first instance, and of making meaningful assertions about it in the second place. Between these two poles lies the whole terrain of foundational theology, and it is a field which Dupré, in spite of his modest protestations that what he is doing is not theology at all, manages with remarkable breadth and skill.

Gabriel Moran's *The Present Revelation: In Quest of Religious Foundations* (Herder and Herder, $8.95) covers similar ground, but he is more explicitly critical of traditional Christian assumptions than Dupré is inclined to be. Indeed, Moran insists that there is no such thing as Christian revelation, because revelation is universal, not particularized. "Revelation," he declares, "is either the central notion in the reconstruction of the Christian and religious or else it cannot find a place at all." It is not simply one of the categories of theology, a topic among topics (e.g., justification, creation, Christology, Church, etc.), but rather the foundation of the whole enterprise. Moran's style is characteristically clear and direct. Accordingly, his book, more perhaps than Dupré's, is likely to promote discussion across a very broad portion of the religious community.

One reviewer has acknowledged that Bernard Lonergan's *Method in Theology* (Herder and Herder, $10) presents "an original and internally consistent theory, systematically constructed according to a fully articulated philosophy of human knowing." Lonergan's many devotees have been waiting patiently for its publication for almost ten years. Now that it is finally out, there seems to be a slight nip of disappointment in the air—but only slight. Lonergan appears to be weakest at precisely those points explored by Dupré and Moran. He provides us with no theology of revelation; in fact he, like Dupré, insists that he is not doing theology at all in this book. While Dupré was wrong (*The Other Dimension* is a grand exercise in philosophical theology), Lonergan is entirely right. He treats the problem of theological method as a methodological problem alone, suggesting thereby that method and content can indeed be separated.

Brian Tierney's *Origins of Papal Infallibility 1150-1350: A Study on the Concepts of Infallibility, Sovereignty and Tradition in the Middle Ages* (E. J. Brill, $20) argues that there is no convincing evidence that papal infallibility formed any part of the theological or canonical tradition of the Church before the thirteenth century; that the doctrine was invented in the first place by a few dissident Franciscans because it suited their convenience to invent it; and that it was accepted by the papacy because it suited the convenience of the popes to accept it. It is a book which should prove far more disturbing to traditionalist minds than Hans Küng's more popular work, because Tierney provides the scholarly apparatus which Küng's critics implied was missing from *Infallible? An Inquiry.*

Sydney Ahlstrom's *A Religious History of American People* (Yale University Press, $19.50) is more manageable than its 1150 pages first suggest. It is a comprehensive, not an intensive, study (e.g., see his chapter on twentieth-century Roman Catholicism). But there is simply nothing else like it and, as one distinguished historian has already concluded, this book will render obsolete, or at least unnecessary, whole shelves full of less ambitious monographs.

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Martin E. Marty

One way to select "critic's choice" books is to try to move beyond the ephemeral. "What books of recent months will be likely to prove worthwhile, at least to me? Which ones could conceivably be the survivors a half dozen years from now?"

From the Jewish shelf I would pick two. One is Samuel Sandmel, *The Enjoyment of Scripture* (Oxford, $8.95). Of course, scripture here means the Hebrew Scriptures and not the New Testament, but Christians also will do fresh savoring if they see the Bible from Sandmel's point of view. He relishes it. The other is Elie Wiesel, *Souls on Fire: Portraits and Legends of Hasidic Masters* (Random House, $7.95). It is not Wiesel's own best book, but this survivor of the concentration camps takes the point of view of post-holocaust Judaism and looks back with favor on the Hasidic lore. Wit, reverence, coping, tragedy, learning, all are revealed in the story of these remarkable Jewish teachers.

Roman Catholicism blessed us with a couple of heavyweights. While I do not want to be quizzed on my understanding of it, let me at least register support for Bernard Lonergan, *Method in Theology* (Herder and Herder, $10).

Another Catholic work of note, to which I called attention at Christmas, is Louis Dupré, *The Other Dimension* (Doubleday, $10). I wish it were slightly better organized, and that it had more focus for impact. But so many pages inspire so many good thoughts about religious philosophy and even mystical thought, that it will serve as resource and reference.

From the Protestant side two historical works stand out; one of them headed my Christmas list. It is Sydney Ahlstrom's erudite but smooth-flowing *A Religious History of the American People* (Yale University Press, $19.50), a long and fair-minded summation of what has gone on in both conventional and unconventional religious circles on this continent. The same press did very well by us when it also published volume one of a proposed two-volume history of Protestant thought in Western Europe and Anglo-America, Claude Welch, *Protestant Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, 1794-1870 (Yale University Press, $12.50). Professor Welch weaves together intricate strands of nineteenth century theology. Now and then he has to give them the once-over-lightly treatment, but what he does is pioneering work and we should welcome it.

I am not yet sure how durable it will be, but I was impressed this month by a reading of Gustavo Gutierrez' *A Theology of Liberation* (Orbis, $7.95). It stands above all the other Latin American "theology of revolution" books that have appeared in English to date, and has much to say about theology in general, including in our half-liberated part of the hemisphere. It is a virtual encyclopedia of references to Latin American religious thought, but is also informed by the European and, to a lesser extent, North American debates. I hope it survives.

John B. Sheerin

Two of my five choices of best religious books of 1972 resonate with overtones of the Vietnam tragedy. David J. O'Brien's *The Renewal of American Catholicism* (Oxford, $7.95) is a spirited polemic for Catholic renewal that views Catholic radicalism as indispensable to a revitalized Church. Disclaiming any striving for scholarly detachment, the historian extols the Berrigans and clearly intimates that they may provide the much-needed inspiration and leadership in the Church of the future in America. Readers may have some difficulty in imagining the Berrigans exerting a profound influence on the vast Catholic center, so uncritical of the status quo and so strong for law and order, but most readers will agree with the author's call for more freedom in the Church, for more honesty and a readiness "to hang loose." This is one of the finest studies of American Catholicism ever published, critical and yet creative, one that will reward anyone who reads it with an open mind.

Richard R. Niebuhr's *Experiential Religion* (Harper & Row, $5.95) deals with the problem of faith in an era of suffering under power. "The world of power affects men most conspicuously, most dramatically, and most decisively today through the great political, industrial and military colossi that bestride our earth . . ." Niebuhr sees modern man as alienated from the past, unable to find God in the traditional Church, the Scriptures or sacraments, but capable of experiencing the reign of God through suffering under the assaults of power. "Is it not probable that in his daily despair and occasional gladness he can accept these moments of awakening in a world where Jesus of Nazareth has

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gone before, as telling him that God is." The Harvard theologian's treatment of the necessary qualities of faith is timely and extraordinarily perceptive, especially his insistence on affection as the ingredient that gives tone and energy to belief.

In his *Guilt, Anger and God,* C. FitzSimons Allison (Seabury, $4.50) shows what Christian faith can offer psychologically by way of helping the *self* to be human in its complex, dynamic, guilt, anger and disesteem. The author is at his best in dealing with death, the problem most earnestly evaded by modern Sadducees who have a neurotic fear of resurrection. The style is simple and clear, the scholarship rich and deep, the author's knowledge of contemporary life warm and sensitive.

Is the present vogue for adult fairy tales an escape from the daily news diet of crimes and wars, or is it a natural response to a perennial desire for fantasy? At any rate, Trina Paulus' *Hope for the Flowers,* (Newman, $6.95) is a gorgeous example of the genre, a delight to the eye in its bright-yellow art work, a delight to the inner ear in the seductive lilt of its prose. The cover proclaims it "a tale—partly about life, partly about revolution and lots about hope—for adults and others (including caterpillars who can read.)" It is a wonderful story about a striped caterpillar who squirmed his way to the top and a yellow caterpillar who dared to become a butterfly. The text can be read to children with gestures: no hidden agenda, none of the political propaganda of the *Mother Goose* rhymes, no subliminal advertising!

James H. Cone's *The Spirituals and the Blues* (Seabury, $4.95) is a study by a black theologian of the meaning of spirituals and blues for the black community. Exposing the fable of benevolent white masters and passive other-worldly slaves, he shows how inhuman the world of the slave really was. The spirituals reflected their experience of trying to exist in this ugly land of bondage as free beings who found in their religion a source of strength but also a vehement affirmation of life. The blues reflect the secular dimension of black experience,

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REVIEWERS

JOHN C. CORT, a pioneer member of the Catholic Worker Movement, is director of the Model Cities program in Lynn, Mass.

ARTHUR A. COHEN's new novel, *In the Days of Simon Stern,* will be published by Random House this June.

HARVEY COX's new book, *The Seduction of the Spirit,* will be published this April by Simon and Schuster.

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN is a member of the theology department at Boston College.

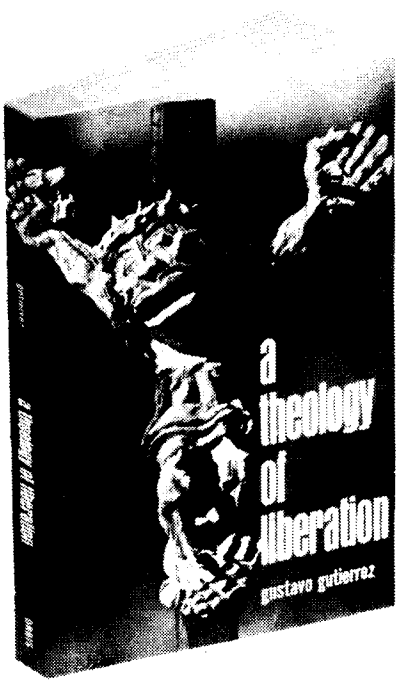
MSGR. GEORGE G. HIGGINS is Secretary for Research at the United States Catholic Conference in Washingon.

MARTIN E. MARTY is the author of *Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America.*

FATHER JOHN B. SHEERIN, C.S.P., longtime editor of *The Catholic World,* is a syndicated columnist in the Catholic press.

SALLE TESELLE is an assistant professor of theology at Vanderbilt Divinity School in Tennessee and editor, *Soundings*: An Interdisciplinary Journal.

A Theology of Liberation *by Gutierrez* **"may well be the most important book of the year, or of the decade."** *Robert McAfee Brown.*



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even at times to the point of spoofing Bible stories. Cone contends that both blues and spirituals derive from the same bedrock of experience and that "neither is an adequate interpretation of black life without the other."

Sallie TeSelle

Interest determines judgment; if this confession is not totally true, it is true enough to preface anyone's choice of the "best religious books of the year." An Olympian view might be preferable, but I can't pretend to it, so I confess that I like (and think excellent) what fuels my own fire: the importance of metaphor and the genres dependent on metaphor (parable, story and autobiography) for theological reflection.

A book that has provided several months of high-level fuel for that fire is Warren A. Shibles' *Metaphor: An Annotated Bibliography and History* (The Language Press, $12.50). It purports to be a 320-page annotated bibliography (the "history" part of the title mystifies me) of *all* publications (book, periodical, review) in *all* languages since the beginning of thought on metaphor and analogy (symbol, image, parable and the like are included in a less complete way). In addition, the book has several indexes cross-referenced with the main listings: general terms, names of authors, and sub-categories of metaphor. It's enough to start a bonfire.

Literature and Religion, edited by Giles B. Gunn (Harper and Row, $3.95), is a collection of classic essays by such notables as Amos Wilder, R. W. B. Lewis, Erich Auerbach, Erich Heller, Paul Ricoeur and others, and is, in my opinion, a "must" for anyone interested in the relations between literary form and theological reflection. It is also an excellent text for introducing both undergraduate and seminary students to the best in the field of religion and literature.

Two books that may appear less relevant to anyone sharing my interests are Leander E. Keck's *A Future for the Historical Jesus:* The Place of Jesus in Preaching and Theology (Abingdon, $6.50) and Peter C. Hodgson's *Jesus—Word and Presence*: An Essay in Christology (Fortress, $9.95). They are notable first of all because they attempt what is so seldom attempted —to strengthen the ties that have in our time become weakened between New Testament studies and theology. They both emphasize the ties between parable and theology; Keck, for instance, speaks of "Jesus, the parable of God." Like a parable, the story of the historical Jesus moves by indirection, says Keck, not proving anything or forcing anything, but pressing the individual for his own personal decision. To live by parable is to forgo ideology and certainty, content with the radical risk of looking toward God through the ambiguity and indirection of the story of Jesus. The implications for theology are legion.

Another book of interest to anyone concerned with religious language is Paul M. van Buren's *The Edges of Language*: An Essay in the Logic of a Religion (Macmillan, $7.95). It is an attempt to see where the Wittgenstein of the *Philosophical Investigations* might take someone concerned with the language of religionists, and particularly of Christians. Given the basic tenet that the limits of language are the limits of human life and vice versa, talk about God (and, therefore, "God") cannot be "outside" language; rather, talk about God (and therefore "God") are at the limits of language. Van Buren commends the odd, stretched language of religionists, for such language also stretches the limits of human experience. He seldom mentions metaphor or analogy, but the older terms are lurking backstage ready to take their bows for having had leading roles in this play before.

Finally a word about a book I love and find so rich and right that I'm happy to have an occasion to recommend it—Richard R. Niebuhr's *Experiential Religion* (Harper and Row, $5.95). What is most important to me is what I would call its basically "autobiographical" approach (not the author's but the reader's) to theology. One is called upon to "collect oneself," to change the nouns into adjectives and hence set them in motion—doubting, fearing, being glad—and having done that, to trust these familiar experiences as intimations of grace, and, concomitantly, as the geneses of doctrine, just as Luther's "justification by grace through faith" was "not an esoteric piece of Christian gnosis," but the expression of a concrete personal experience of fear and gladness.

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

My favorite themes, then and now, have been ancient and medieval as well as contemporary: being, person, community, creative intuition, harmony

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with earth (a version of natural law) and social reconstruction. To have written of these things in a scholastic idiom would have entailed foreignness and irrelevance; I noted how Maritain was dismissed, and how Lonergan suffered by his remoteness.

It was my good fortune that just as I began my teaching, in the inimitably favorable circumstances of Stanford, my own deepest interests were also those of my students. In ethics, my basic text was *Moral Man and Immoral Society;* it turned both against liberals and against radicals. What I lectured on was the same as at Harvard before and Old Westbury (and other places) afterwards, but the reception was unique. There was for me a *Kairos*. Those were years of great joy.

Again, it was my good fortune, just as Easterners were getting *into* youth culture, to have the sobering and awful experience of Old Westbury, in which the cycle of cultural vices came full swing—and to see vividly many of the moral and intellectual deficiencies of the young. I found myself the object of—it is not too strong a word—hatred.

It did not escape me that Jewish students and faculty had traditions of radical thought quite different from those of the Blacks; or the Irish; or the Italians; or British-Americans. Differences were particularly noticeable with regard to who trusted whom when? Also with regard to what seemed plausible; to the attraction or repulsion of ways of life; and to useful symbols.

Suffice it to say that the youth culture, now departing, made the universities, professions, and the journals of inquiry ask more insistently than they ever had before: "Who are we, we Americans? Whither? Why?" These were not professional questions when I was at Harvard.

The youth movement died because youth is ephemeral; not long-range; because its source of concern was as much self-preservation as moral (*exit* military service, *exit* protest); because it was not based on "youth" but on privileged elite youth; because many of its ideas and methods were shallow and self-defeating; and because it fell in love with the media.

But a freshness of possibility exists in America because of the debunking of privilege and authority visited on us in the last few years. This is why I do not share the bitterness against the youth movement or its accomplishments expressed so often by Irving Kristol or Norman Podhoretz, or the faint contempt expressed by Peter Berger. In their analysis of its weaknesses, I concur (can even, like LBJ, show scars). With their warnings against the split between the educated superculture and the many middle Americans, I agree. But under the craziness there were sound impulses and genuine achievements, which I for one would like to further.

The reconstruction of our society so glibly announced by the sons and daughters of privilege must now go forward, with a more solid and dependable cutting edge, as so often, from among the outcast and the despised: the many kinds of middle Americans. Many of the young, older now, are already fighting on this new front. Here, too, there will be defeats. Later, there will be new fronts.

The beauty of European pessimism is that it remains active, creative and progressive, while recognizing how little progress is made underneath the stars. That is what I liked so much in Hampshire's lecture; and what many have been learning from the hard lessons of the last five years. Classical patterns of thought and feeling have shown surprising relevance both during the "whirlwind" and during its aftermath. To the young of these days I owe a great deal.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Coninued from page 461)

ing It" [Editorial, Jan. 19] is a disappointing piece of writing and a mushy-headed attempt at thinking. "Leave this community and Christ remains an option; stay, and he remains a demand." Jesus! Surely that bit of nonsense is of the "Love is never having to say you're sorry" genre. Fooey.

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What gets me is that John B. Mannion ["The Making of a Dissident," Jan. 19] speaks clearly and modestly about his reasons for leaving the Church (whatever the hell *that* is—given *Commonweal*'s penchant for scumming up the waters with wishy-washy "The church . . . is ourselves" foam). *Commonweal,* however, can't let a good thing alone. Poor John may be a nice guy, and well-meaning, and all that, but *Commonweal* just *knows* (you reek of smugness) that the really bright people (like, say, the Kennedys) are holding on.

Look, gang, Catholicism is dead; even you find it hard to use the word "Catholic" in that precious editorial. If you and John Mannion have one fault in common, it's the confusion between *species* Catholic and *genus* Christian. Mannion finds fault with Catholicism and then says that as a result he discovered that "*Christianity* is not unique" (my emphasis). You find fault with Catholicism and then imply that such discovery suggests the transformation, not the collapse, of the Church. At this point, of course, it's difficult to determine whether you're talking about the non-existent-albeit-still-embarrassing Catholic Church or that vibrant ambiguity called the Christian Church. If by chance you're talking about the transformation of the Catholic Church into something relevant, significant, and enlightened, I can't buy it. We waited patiently for Paul VI to speak wisely, and he gave us *Humanae Vitae.* We waited hopefully for the bishops to speak out on race, poverty, and war, and we generally got gutless prose whose sole significance was that it came too late. The Catholic Church had its chance, flopped, and deserves its oblivion.

No, I'm not hung up on leadership. But I will not explain it away, as you do. If Christ's abiding presence means anything, then leadership counts for something, if only to provide guidance for those unfortunates who don't read *Commonweal.*

Enough. You mean well, God knows. But if you want to make arguments, be clear. Otherwise, you'll give people the impression that you've got a few hang-ups you don't know how to handle.

THOMAS F. MADER

Milwaukee, Wisc.

To the Editors: I hope the lead editorial ["Loving It and Leaving It," Jan. 19] was the fruit of a New Year's hangover and not a New Year resolution. That kind of writing I don't have to pay for, I get the diocesan paper free. I love you too much to let you get by with it.

WILLIAM SELL

Skokie, Ill.

To the Editors: Your editorials, "The Uncompleted Feast" of Dec. 22, 1972, and "Loving It and Leaving It" of Jan. 19, 1973, were well worth the price of a subscription for the rest of the year. More of the same, please.

CHARMAN KINZELMAN

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: John B. Mannion's article, "The Making of a Dissident" [Jan. 19] is probably an extremely important document for our time—he expresses what has become an epidemic of disillusion.

What struck me in his account was the complete absence of any mention of the person of Christ, as though that essential factor were not worth mentioning to intelligent readers.

Mannion seems to be saying something that any believer would agree with: when Jesus ceases to be a reality, the Church is reduced to "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

DAVID J. MEHEGAN

Evanston, Ill.

To the Editors: I'm not in the habit of responding to magazine articles, at least not in written reply, but the article in your January 19, 1973 issue entitled "The Making of a Dissident" has prompted the following reply on my part.

What Mr. Mannion had been struggling with before his "departure" from the Church was a gap between the Church as he experienced it (and as he understood it to understand itself) and life as he experienced it—with its wider contributions to human life, with its problem of evil, as well as the Church's seeming put-down of genuine questioning. Ultimately it became a question of how much he was willing to compromise—how much of his life's experience he could negate or at least ignore.

I too experience a tension between my experience of life and my experi-

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ence of the Church. I guess where the difference lies is that I feel the Church, the Gospel, *at its best*, requires me *not* to negate my experience of life—to let these profound questions of faith, of evil, bear upon me, so that it (the Church) may always be called to a wider vision. And this can be no easy or naive expectation . . . for the Church as I *understand* it, and the Church as I *experience* it, are in a great deal of tension. And at this point, it is the deeper understanding which maintains a hope again and again frustrated by the Church as it is experienced. It is the *humanity* of the Church which mitigates against belief . . . its myopia, its rigid conservatism, its petty tyranny (at times), its ignorance of the deeper questions facing Christians today, its slowness to respond to the needs of the suffering Body of Christ. All these make it difficult to say "I Believe." And yet, if the basis for believing or not believing is to be grounded in great degree on a faithfulness to one's own life experience, one must include the experience of *one's own* myopia, conservativism, tyranny, and indifference toward others. Then their presence within the Church becomes nonetheless inexcusable, but far more understandable. The distance between the "is" and the "ought" within the Church (or *any* human community) is based on the experience of the same distance within each of us as individuals. Before one can confess himself as redeemed (or graced) one must confess himself as sinful (in need of grace). What the Church is called to be (as what each of us is called to be) is more than we have ever been in the past and more than we can ever be in the future. It is a call to *become*. To believe that *some*-day it will happen is to have hope. To experience that it is not yet a fact . . . is to be painfully human, and a person of faith.

There are times when the Church does sin—and perhaps the violence it does to some people's lives and integrity is so great, so painful, that what is called for is a withdrawal from the institutional Church. Such action, I think, may be prophetic. It is a plea to the Church to become more what it ought to be; it is a call to repentance, to acknowledge its own sinfulness; it is a call for honest self-appraisal.

Sometimes it has seemed that persons' expectations of the Church have been naively unrealistic. The difficult thing is to discern when one's expectations are legitimate and when they are not—when one is living in a dream of man (or community, or Church) as he ought to be, instead of man as he is becoming. If being realistic is painful, being naive is all the more so.

Life today, in areas beyond the Church, has given birth to greater personal expectations than in the past (for example, fulfillment in job, in marriage). Man expects more of himself and his life. The Church, as all human communities, needs persons whose visions call it beyond what it has become in the past. As long as one faces honestly and realistically the deep questions that human existence raises, to that extent one is being faithful . . . faithful to oneself, faithful to the Church (though perhaps not to the institutional Church).

The departure of what oftentimes seem to be the most sensitive, the most creative, the most visionary of fellow-Christians, prompts in myself no con-

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tempt or self-righteousness; no sense of greater strength of perseverance; but rather, all that rises to my lips is a confession of my own sinfulness and a renewed effort to become that to which I (we) have been called all along.

There are people who have "left the Church" and settled for a smaller, less painful challenge. And there are those who have embraced a more painful challenge to become more than they are. This is the *only* call, ultimately, to which one must be faithful, and for which one will be held accountable. To respond to it is not to be "out of the Church"—it is to be "ahead."

(SISTER) SUE WAKERLY, O.S.F.

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Celibacy Debate

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: My much-admired friend, Rosemary Ruether, has a thoughtful article on "The Ethic of Celibacy" in *Commonweal* [Feb. 2]. In it she cites the opinion of some Catholics that sex is "a primary symbol of that carnality that draws the soul down from its 'heavenly heights' to 'wallow in the flesh'." Of course this is a stupid opinion. Anyone who accepts it insults millions of virtuous married people. He insults his own parents. I repudiate it as vehemently as Ms. Ruether does.

However, the author goes on to state that "antisexuality was the heart of the celibate ethic." I must admit that some people are stupid enough to take that view about sex. Few put it into words; but I often sense that the implication is there. However—and this is the point of this letter—it is most certainly not the official view of the Church. It is not the reason for the rule of celibacy. Yet I fear that some people are not entirely clear on this point. Therefore it is a point that deserves emphasis.

St. Paul gave the reason for celibacy in the clearest possible language in that striking seventh chapter of 2 Corinthians. "The married man is anxious about worldly affairs, how to please his wife; and he is divided."

St. Paul does not imply that there is anything sordid about marriage, but merely that it consumes time and energy. A decent husband gives his wife companionship and understanding. He does not use her as a household slave, but shares some of the work with her, shopping, baby-sitting, heavy cleaning. He has time for the children, too. He joins the PTA. He goes to the Little League game when his son is pitching. In planning his own life, he must take the family into consideration. He asks himself, for example, what effect a move to another neighborhood would have on the children's education. Finally, he must insist on a salary adequate for family needs. His wife may opt to share voluntary poverty with him; but the children cannot opt to be born into poverty.

It is clear that a man may be a good husband and father and still have the energy left to do a rather good job as a clergyman. But the Church does not expect a "rather" good job. Jesus Christ deserves every last ounce of energy that a man can muster. To know what that means, read the lives of priest-saints, like St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, St. John Bosco, St. John Baptist Vianney. These men reduced their sleep to a minimum and spent their time in hours and hours of prayer and hours and hours of the works of mercy, spiritual and corporal. Obviously this particular sort of heroic sanctity is not consistent with marriage. This implies nothing against marriage. There have been married saints. But the particular sort of sacerdotal holiness exemplified in the men mentioned is a type inconsistent with marriage.

Of course few priests are saints. And celibacy does not work for all. Some become neurotic and develop behavior problems. Some drop out and marry. However, the fact remains that the majority of priests are so busy with prayer and the works of mercy that they could not enter a normal marriage without subtracting some time and energy from these activities. They would be "divided," as St. Paul put it. The lives of these priests are the best argument for celibacy. It works.

Of course celibacy is not an absolute. The Church is not absolutely committed to it. In some eastern rites united with Rome, one finds a married clergy. When a married Protestant clergyman is converted, he is sometimes permitted to become a priest without renouncing his marriage. Married deacons are beginning to flourish. Clerical celibacy is not a divine institution. It is an ecclesiastical institution, subject to exceptions. However, sixteen centuries of experience have shown its practical benefits. It has generated many saints.

We should be proud of sacerdotal celibacy and of the nuns who vow chastity. Over the centuries these practices have represented enormous sacrifice, a sacrifice springing solely from

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love of God and love of neighbor. How unspeakably beautiful is this love!

(MSGR.) PAUL HANLY FURFEY

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: I found no trouble agreeing with Rosemary Ruether [Feb. 2] that the life of celibacy ought not to claim to be the institutional expression of the disruptive, eschatological claims of God upon our lives, for as she says so succinctly, "marriage and ecclestiastical celibacy represent institutionalized routines of daily life, and both are equally disrupted by the real living of a prophetic witness of risk that forces one to break with such securities."

This, however, does not deny, as I take it Ms. Ruether intends for it to deny, that celibacy is an actual call from God given for the good of the Church. Ruether argues this point in what I consider to be some rather insulting prose, samples of which include: the statement that celibacy is "much closer to the ethic of the totalitarian institution, such as prisons, armies and mental asylums, which demand a similar monolithic and total control that excludes interpersonal dependencies"; the claim that its institutional form represents a "total security system which wards off one's ability to suffer any such risk and insecurity"; and the assertion that because of celibacy the effort to build the Kingdom "is aborted when it is institutionalized as a childless, loveless, uncommitted state."

How seriously is this really meant? Will Ms. Ruether want to claim that the Berrigan brothers live in a 'loveless, uncommitted state'? Perhaps this question is unfair, since their tensions with their orders are well known, and using them to defend those very orders is perhaps playing with fire. But to bring up only one more example, is Fr. Fitzpatrick's work in helping to find alternatives to the juvenile justice system which he himself described in the very same issue really the work of a man closer to the totalitarian institutions of our age than any random married Christian? or theologian? Even to approach an affirmative to these questions is arrogance in a most conspicuous form.

Surely one can object to Ruether's blanket (and preposterous) characterizations of the celibate life without at the same time slipping into silly or erroneous defenses of this way of life. And hopefully, we can all move from her stance that unmarried life in the Church is inherently inhuman, narcissistic and sexist (her very words!), to the more balanced view that to each Christian is given a gift and that none is to be despised.

As a personal contribution toward that move, I would simply like to testify that I feel God has called me to celibate life in a religious community. I do not feel 'better' than anyone, but *neither* do I feel that my life is anything less than full-bodied or that my needs for sleep, food, recreation and companionship have atrophied. To claim, therefore, that celibacy represents the life of a "heavy trip of sexual fear," or "an arcane ethic which doesn't relate at all to the economy of humanization normative for Christians as a whole" is, besides insulting, refuted by specific examples of healthy celibate men and women (just as Ruether's implication that marriage is inherently humanizing is amply refuted by specific marriages!).

So if Ms. Ruether still wants to claim that such a defense is, as she puts it, "frayed and tattered," then I can only say that this must be due to the lack of acuity in my prose rather than to the way of life that I lead, a way that continually strikes me as a solid invitation to a life richly blessed by God.

(MR.) EDWARD T. OAKES, S.J.

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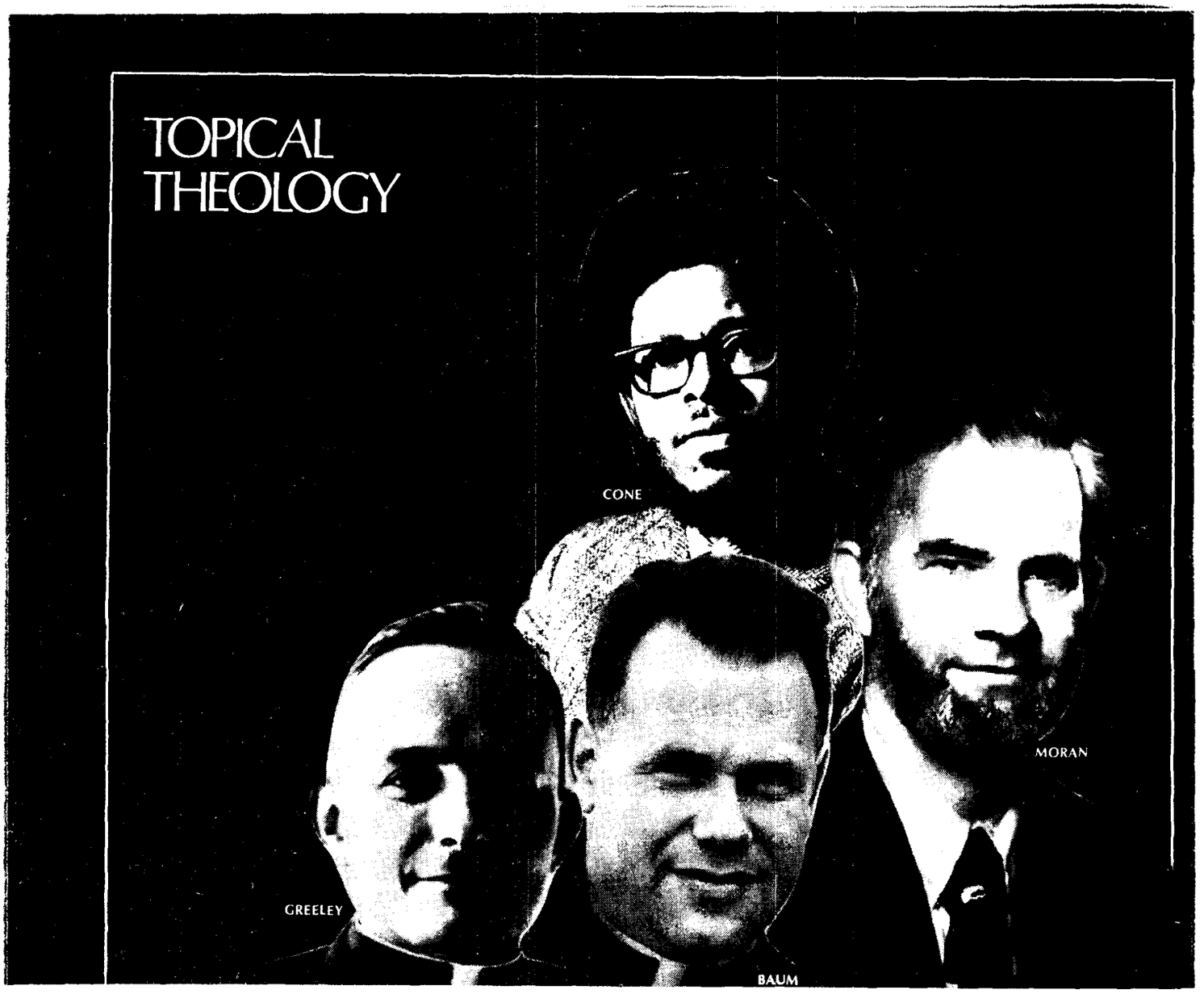

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